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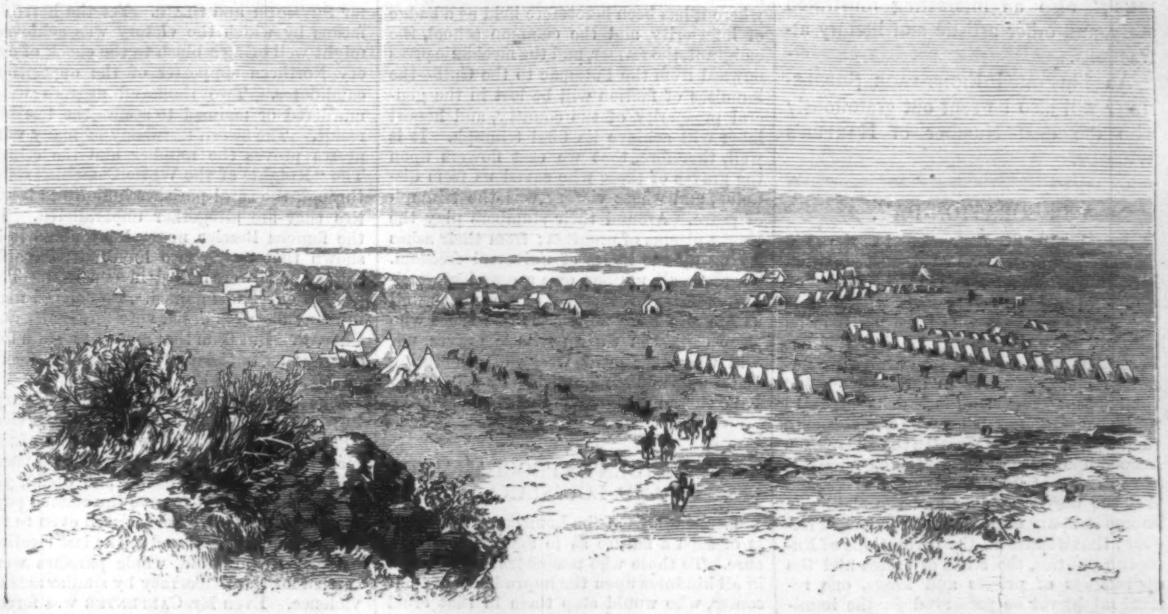
DONALD M'KAY.



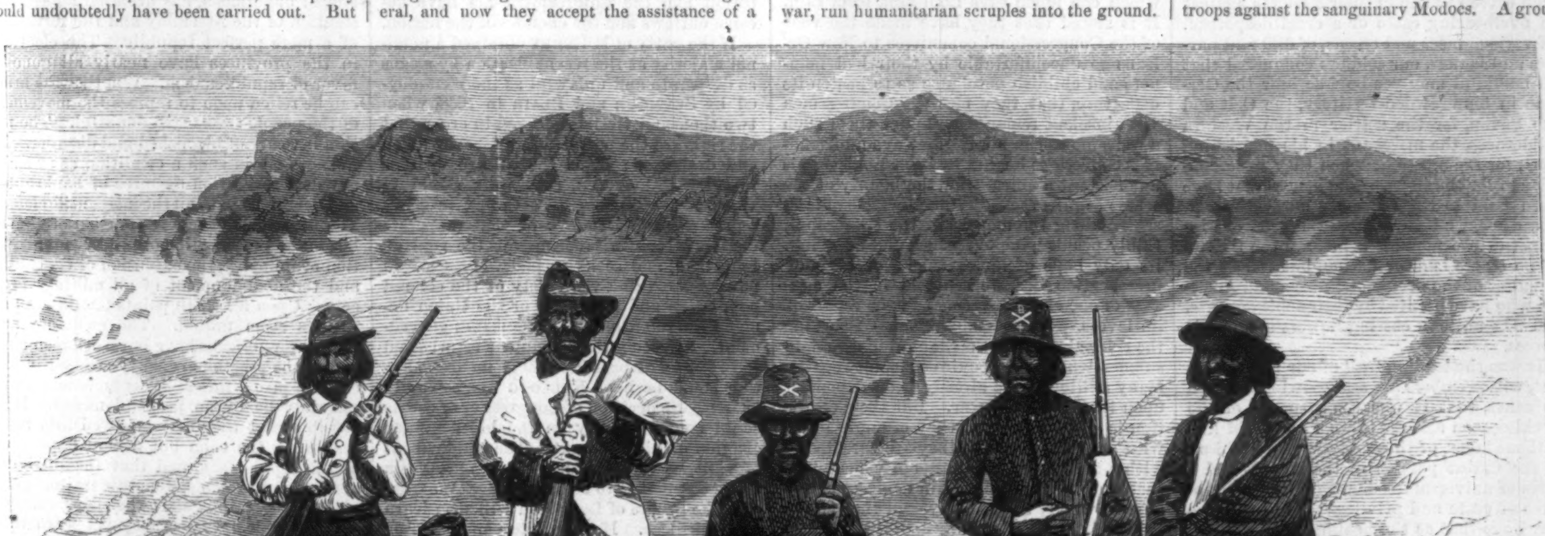
THE LAVA BED REGION—GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP AND LAKE.

OUR INDIAN ALLIES.

WHEN the news of the treacherous murder of General CANBY and his associates was first received, public indignation ran so high that the government devoted the whole Modoc tribe to extermination; and had they fallen into the hands of the troops at that time, this policy would undoubtedly have been carried out. But if the extraordinary report which reaches us from the lava beds be true, that General DAVIS has accepted the services of the Modoc warriors who lately surrendered to him, and has sent them off in pursuit of Captain JACK, the sentiments of the troops must have undergone a marvelous change. A few weeks since they were ready to slaughter on sight the murderers of their general, and now they accept the assistance of a number of these very murderers, of whose "loyalty" General DAVIS professes to be fully satisfied.

No reasonable objection can be made to the employment of Indian allies against Indians, provided they can be properly restrained and held under discipline. Those who object to such a course, when it would not only save the lives of our soldiers, but hasten the termination of the war, run humanitarian scruples into the ground. But it is assuming a very dangerous responsibility to enlist any of the Modoc murderers in the service. It would be interesting to know what guarantee General DAVIS has that they will not rejoin Captain JACK.

We give on this page the portrait of DONALD M'KAY, the half-breed leader of the Warm Spring Indians, who have been co-operating with our troops against the sanguinary Modocs. A group



GROUP OF WARM SPRING INDIANS.

OUR INDIAN ALLIES IN THE MODOC WAR.

of these Indians is given in the lower illustration. They have performed important service as scouts during the operations against Captain JACK, and have taken a hand with effective results in several fights.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

CIRCULATION ABOUT 150,000.

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DECORATION-DAY.

FROM the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, from ocean to ocean, the nation has gathered to do honor to the memory of its patriotic dead, and to cover with flowers the graves of those who have fallen in its defense. Nor do we believe that this has been done with any desire to keep alive forgotten animosities, or in any other spirit than that of tender and imperishable regard for its benefactors. They who sleep beneath the chaplets and the wreaths that have been heaped upon them by a grateful generation have died that freedom might survive, and that the rights of labor and the claims of honest industry might be acknowledged forever; that amidst all the revolutions of European politics, the strife of castes and the oppressions of priests and kings, one retreat might yet be preserved for the immigrant and the stranger where they may remain secure from their ancient foes, and enjoy the fruits of their enterprise and skill unmolested and in peace. Sadly yet resolutely our heroes took up their arms to defend the republic from its mistaken adversaries. They fought once more the battles of progress that began at Marathon, and have been repeated wherever the people have been driven to rise in their strength against an overbearing caste or a cruel despotism. Of various races and creeds, of different parties and beliefs, our soldiers conquered that all mankind may yet be free—for the German in his crowded territory, the Celt and the Saxon, for the settler in the Western wilderness, the merchant in his flourishing port, for the misguided men they vanquished, and for the slave. The honors that have been paid to their memory on Decoration-day come, we believe, from the generous instinct of the popular heart, are the tribute of no single land or nation, but reflect the impulses of the people of Europe and America who have profited by their achievements, and who unite in casting flowers upon their graves.

It was the leading trait of our recent contest, whose embers are still glowing beneath its ashes, that it was the struggle of the working-men against those who would live without labor, of those who would build up in the fairest portion of the New World a home of universal freedom against the advocates of caste and privilege; and hence we may hope that as the healing hand of time softens the bitterness of faction, the singular advantages flowing from the triumph of labor will sweep away wholly all memory of the contest, save in its beneficial consequences; that as a universal prosperity once more envelops the nation, as the vast tide of immigration pours into our borders, and universal industry succeeds the strife of parties, we may once more form a community as united as we are prosperous. It is labor alone that has always healed the wounds of nations; and we trust that our institutions, freed forever from the taint of European barbarism, may give to labor its highest efficiency. The exploits of the men whose graves we have wreathed with the sweetest flowers of spring were not those of selfish conquerors who have fought for gain, nor even of violent partisans who have given their lives in idle passion or foolish vanity, but of the heralds of industry and the authors of a new progress. Every blow they struck so unwillingly, yet so boldly, swept away some obstacle from the path of freedom, and opened the avenues of prosperity to future generations; and hence the children of labor will gather on each Decoration-day to adorn the graves of their heroes, with no vulgar sentiment of victory or of superiority, but with a new anxiety to spread every where around them the ease and the comforts of industrious peace.

We can not, indeed, hope for any miraculous deliverance from the necessary evils that flow from a civil contest. We should conceal the truth did we assert that a perfect reconciliation of a portion of our people who are still malcontent, who foster old jealousies and resentments, can be soon achieved. It will still require the constant care of an active government to prevent internal disorders and secure the equal rights of all the people, to protect the industrious, and to repress the turbulent. But we believe that this perfect reconciliation will at last be attained. As the industrial throngs encircle the recently disordered portion of the country with a belt of prosperous communities and States; as the growth of education dissipates the prejudices that are always rife among the uncultivated and the indolent; as labor becomes honored in the regions where it has been heretofore held as a badge of inferiority, and the common school, the emigrant, the farmer, and the mechanic press onward from the Potomac to the Gulf—the impulses of faction will be lost in the general prosperity of the country, and honest labor will achieve its final triumph. It is well, therefore, that we cast flowers upon the graves of those who saved us from disunion, and whose victory was the triumph of peace. Around their slumbers play the bright gleams of progress; from their ashes spring up the hopes of universal freedom. To them all nations owe a ceaseless gratitude. The working-men of Europe as well as America have no friends like those who sleep calmly in their patriotic graves, nor will they ever grow weary of celebrating the simple and touching rites by which they have chosen to signalize their benefactors.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION AND LOUISIANA.

THE madness of the Louisiana Democracy is of such a nature as to admit of no easy cure. To those who remonstrate with them in all kindness upon the imprudence of their course, who would stop them in that cruel policy which is destroying the poor remains of their commerce and wealth left by the rebellion, whose only desire is to secure them ease and prosperity, they reply with insults, and reject their friendly counsel with scorn. They seem resolute to persecute the colored race, who are the only resource for the cultivation of their land, and to drive off Northern capital and enterprise, which can alone save Louisiana from ruin. It is stated that they have made the visit of the Congressional committee to New Orleans so uncomfortable by their bad manners and childish petulance as to hasten its departure, that they met the Congressmen with insolent remarks, and gave them such a welcome as can not fail to leave no friendly recollections behind it. Yet Louisiana is a persistent applicant for the bounty of the whole country. A low, marshy strip of land seated along the mouths of the Mississippi, thinly peopled, impoverished, and decaying, its only hope of improvement or even of preservation lies, we are told in the message of one of its Governors, in the repair of its levees. These embankments that line the river alone save the State from complete submersion. They require constant repairs. Many millions have already been expended upon them since the war. But their condition is still dangerous: they crumble away with each rising flood; they are threatened with a total destruction; nor is it incredible that should they still remain neglected they may be wholly swept away, and the richest land of Louisiana be sunk beneath the Mississippi. In such an event, the Governor's message assures us New Orleans might still be saved, although even this he thinks not altogether certain.

To provide help to secure their levees, therefore, the planters are begging aid from the national government. Another project for which New Orleans is asking assistance from the North and West is the deepening of the mouth of the Mississippi. The Father of Rivers, it seems, brings down annually immense masses of mud, and is filling up the only outlet for the commerce of the Crescent City. A huge bar is forming in the channel, often changing its form, embarrassing navigation, and threatening the ruin of the port. To dredge the entrance to the city is now a favorite speculation of the New Orleans merchants. They are asking aid every where to enable them to remove the vast mass of deposit that is gradually growing year by year. Yet it is believed that the project is altogether hopeless. The wealth of the nation might be readily exhausted in the vain attempt, and the only plan that can be devised to save the larger part of its trade is that of a ship-canal from New Orleans through the lakes to the sea.

Such is the condition of this unlucky State. With an extravagant debt, a heavy taxation, small resources, and no help from immigration, instead of giving all its energies to peaceful labor, the madness of its Democratic politicians has nearly plunged it in a civil war. The origin of this contest is one of the most shameful passages in our history. Those—and we fear they are too few—who have studied carefully the Congressional reports on the Ku-Klux conspiracy will find there the source of the woes of Louisiana. In 1868 the "White Brotherhood," or the Ku-Klux, began their murderous attempt to convert the Republican population to Democracy. In the spring of that year the elections showed a large Republican majority; in the autumn, so successful had been the efforts of the murderous associations that but a few thousand votes in the whole State were given for General GRANT. In one parish, where the Republican majority was large, no Republican vote was offered. The State was almost unanimous for SEYMOUR and BLAIR. Yet the horrible means by which the victory was achieved might well bring a blush to the cheek of every Northern supporter of the opposition candidates. Two thousand negroes were murdered or maimed to secure the terrible result. The sworn testimony of many witnesses proves the number and the crime. The "Knights of the White Camellia" rode through the rural parishes inflicting atrocities that are altogether unparalleled. In the famous Bossier negro hunt alone it is shown that nearly two hundred peaceable colored men were killed in one raid. The desired effect was gained. No colored man in many districts dared vote for GRANT and COLFAX. But from that moment a stain has rested upon Louisiana that not all the floods of the Mississippi can ever wash away.

The outrages were continued with varying intensity through the succeeding elections. We do not believe that many of the merchants or the planters looked upon them with any thing but horror and dread, yet they made no effort to save the colored population. They have never dared even to rebuke the murderers; and in the last election of 1872, we are told, whole parishes were carried for the Democracy by similar acts of violence. Even Mr. CARPENTER was forced to admit that had the vote been fairly taken, KELLOGG would have been chosen by a large majority; and the real question now to be decided in Louisiana is not whether KELLOGG or M'ENERY is the legal Governor, but whether the supporters of M'ENERY are not actual rebels who have endeavored to deprive their fellow-citizens by violence of the right of voting, and who under the Constitution and the Enforcement act have become outlaws and the enemies of the nation.

If the party of M'ENERY obtained a nominal majority at the recent election by means as desperate and unlawful as those employed by SEYMOUR and BLAIR in 1868, when two thousand victims suffered in order that the rights of the people might be overridden and destroyed; if, as the colored citizens told Mr. CARPENTER, they were afraid to vote; if the massacre at Colfax properly represents the impulses of that desperate faction which is laboring for the ruin of Louisiana, and seeks to place M'ENERY in power—we think the safety of the colored population and the honor of the Union demand the retention of the KELLOGG government. Rejecting the fraudulent returns and the returns of parishes where no free election could be held, KELLOGG was certainly chosen. No decision of Congress or of courts could confer legality on the blood-stained election of his opponent. The employment of violence or intimidation in politics is a crime so great as to be inexpiable. We trust that the people of Louisiana will soon learn to think it so. If the white population of that State have not sufficient courage to protect the liberties of all their people, we hope the aid of the national government will not prove ineffective.

FRANCE.

WHILE Vienna is lamenting for its ducats, or Madrid trembling before the Carlists, the attempt of the reactionary party to intimidate the republicans of France has filled Paris with an intense excitement. The conduct of M'MAHON and DE BROGLIE has been approved by the Pope, and gives no little joy to the Jesuits; but to the vast majority of the people of France it must seem no better than a mad usurpation. Unless the republicans show rare patience, unless the usurping officials abstain from the use of military violence, the French may once more enter upon one of those seasons of anarchy and of bloodshed to which they seem ever to be liable. M'MAHON represents the Roman Catholic interest, and is the natural ally of despotism. He is said to be highly popular with the army, though so often unsuccessful. He is an Irishman who claims a descent from BRIAN BORU, and a Frenchman who inherits the blood, and perhaps the disposition, of a line of ancestors equally barbarous. From such a leader France can look for only evil counsel and foolish acts. Just as its intellect was rising into a real supremacy, as its industrial classes were using their political power with rare prudence and calmness, the intrigues of foreign priests and idle princes have flung down the gage of discord into the rising nation, and the keen Jesuits once more promise themselves the triumph of their terrible policy. They hope to crush the spirit of freedom; to reduce France to a blood-stained despotism; to arm, perhaps, its people against Italy and Spain, and restore the temporal power of the papacy amidst the general ruin of mankind.

Such at least is the vision that has been dimly pictured to the world in several of the ultramontane journals. The remarkable results of the recent French elections, the general zeal for quiet and honest republicanism that has filled the nation, the moderation of both THIERS and GAMBETTA, have shown the reactionists that they must act now or be forever overborne. And with a plain scorn of the wishes of the people that seems designed to provoke a quarrel, they have driven M. THIERS from power at the moment when he had more closely allied himself to the popular cause, and have elected as President of the republic a man whose only recommendation is that he is supposed to be popular with the army. We must watch with singular interest the succeeding steps in this unlooked-for crisis of an important period. The Assembly, which by a small majority elected M'MAHON, is highly unpopular with all France. The people have long been demanding its dissolution. No one knows what are its powers, for what it was elected, or how to get rid of it. The nation demands a new election and a republican form of government; the priests and the reactionists insist upon ruling through the pretext of an Assembly; the strange complication is enhanced anew by the usurpation of M'MAHON and the attempt to force upon France a leader who is known only as a monarchist and an ultramontane. M'MAHON, in his address to his supporters, declares himself the champion of order and of the greatness of France. What such a man means by order is too probably a military despotism; what he means by national greatness, the creation of navies and armies that may be employed for foreign conquests. He can not be superior to his principles and his education.

But we still trust that the plot against the liberties of France may be baffled by the good sense of the nation. Paris, by a vote almost unanimous, has declared for the dissolution of the Assembly and the formation of a more perfect republic. The elections in the provinces have nearly all gone in favor of republicanism. Whether the army can be relied upon to repress the movement of the people seems still doubtful. The nation is weary of bloodshed and disorder. Its finances are in such a condition as to make any new revolution a source of bankruptcy and general ruin to all the mercantile classes. The only hope of the restoration of France lies in the preservation of peace, the cultivation of industry, the extension of education, and the abandonment of all military projects. Upon all these points GAMBETTA and THIERS seem united. The moderate and radical republicans have but a common aim; and if the reactionary party succeed in forcing the people into abject submission, it will certainly be by no peaceful means. It is possible that they may be awed into moderation by the calm but defiant opposition of the republicans, and that the intrigues of foreign priests and domestic traitors may, after all, be vain against the rising courage of the people. France may yet learn that her true greatness lies in the paths of peace, and may practice honesty and self-restraint in spite of the evil promptings of her BOURBONS and imperialists. And should she do so, her memorable triumph will be hailed with generous applause by the industrious and the virtuous of every land.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

WE notice that members of the press in Philadelphia are urging the amendment of their law of libel. What peculiar grievances they may have to complain of we do not know; but we suspect that the general feeling of the people every where is strongly opposed to libel suits, and all attempts to check liberty of discussion. It has always been the aim of those who are afraid of publicity to endeavor to silence their opponents by the terrors of the law. Roman oligarchs sent the poet NÆVIUS to a long imprisonment, and their example has been followed by all modern oppressors. Popes, kings, and nobles have all clamored against the freedom of the press. It is the duty of republics to protect the mouth-piece of the people. And we believe the practice of commencing suits for libel, at least by public officials, has long

sunk into abeyance. Against the slanderers of the press there is a sure retreat for every honest official in the support of the better class of writers, and in that unerring instinct with which the people recognize their true friends. No man need fear the slanderer where there is full discussion, and where every portion of his career may be brought into perfect publicity.

To commence a libel suit, indeed, is almost a confession of guilt, of impatience, or of malice. Possibly there may be rare instances where it is necessary, and cases of such gross injury to character as to require the intervention of the law. Yet the best punishment for the common slanderer is the contempt of the people; and he who can not sustain his charges by sufficient proof is certain at last to be placed in the class where he belongs. Accusations against public men were never more bitter nor more rife than during the recent political campaign. No one's character was spared; no charges were withheld that might destroy the influence of rival candidates or personal foes. Yet we believe, with the return of reflection, every honest man regained—if he had ever lost—the esteem of his fellows, and the clamor of the depraved passed away without leaving a stain.

One plain defect of our New York law of libel is that it permits imprisonment before the proof of the charge. This should at once be removed. It is a remnant of that ancient severity from which Nævius suffered and Prynne lost his ears. The suit for libel should at least involve nothing but final damages. And the unfortunate result of the unusual austerity of our law has recently been shown in the suit between the president of an eminent life-insurance company and one of his critics. The offending writer was committed to prison for want of sufficient security, and has already paid a severe penalty for his free remarks, while a committee of the Legislature, to which the case was submitted, have condemned his imprisonment and declared his charges founded upon truth. We regret to notice that one of the earliest acts of a recently appointed city official has been to commence a libel suit. It would have been far better for him to have left the defense of his conduct to the suffrage of the people, and win their respect by his future career. Nor should any traces of the old barbarity of oligarchies and despotisms be permitted to remain upon our statute-book. The press should preserve its own freedom with jealous care. Publicity is the mental life of a free community. It should be the final judge by which reputations are awarded and calumnies refuted and retrieved.

OUR BOARD OF EDUCATION.

When our new Board of Education came into office the public hoped from it some radical reforms and some real improvements. As yet it has been far from satisfying the general expectation. With many, indeed, the fear is expressed that a portion of its members have less sympathy with the true principles of public instruction than most of their predecessors, that they are anxious to lower the salaries and the position of the teachers, and to repress the public schools into an inferior and retrograde position. It is said that some members of the new board even hold that the public schools are only designed for the children of the poor, and that the recipients of their bounty should be treated as a class of beneficiaries. If there are any such, we are confident that they are wholly unfit to administer an American system of education; that they should at once resign an office whose duties they can never honestly fulfill, and avoid meddling with a great cause of which they must be the open enemies. Whoever brings the notion of caste or of the distinction of accidental advantages into the public schools, who would provide one kind of education for the indigent and another for the opulent, who would separate the scholars by any but intellectual barriers into different orders of merit, has no conception of the purpose of national education. Our system, which differs from that of all other nations, is founded upon the purest republicanism. The nation engages to teach all its people; it insists that all shall be educated. It proposes to assemble in one common school the children of every order and of every sect, and instruct them from the dawn of youth in the principles of freedom and the sentiment of a perfect equality.

The notion of charity or of any caste distinction in the conception of our public-school system is proof of an absurd ignorance of its meaning. The whole people educate their children together at the common expense. And it must now be the aim of every board of education to so improve and elevate their schools as to make them the source of the strength and perpetuity of the nation. Every member of the board, therefore, should be a cultivated, or at least a liberal-minded, citizen. He should have no weak prejudices and no petty vanities. He should be thoroughly republican at heart, eager to teach the children under his care the fresh and healthy lessons of honesty and freedom. But the members of our new board have not yet evinced any deep interest in the cause they have assumed. We hoped that New York, after driving from office with a long and painful effort the commissioners who had so long administered the schools for their gradual yet sure destruction, would at once set before the country a happy example of new zeal in the cause of education; that the position of our teachers would be immediately recognized as that of the most important body of public servants; that the salaries of both sexes would be equalized; and the whole energy of the community be turned to the care of its children.

We have thus far received from the president of the board no intimation that he is in sympathy with the principles of American education. It is even stated that he is an opponent of the system and a friend of the charity-school method employed or defended by the Roman Catholic priesthood, the Church of England, and all the reactionary and bigoted portion of modern society. It is stated that our new board is controlled in part by the same influences that affected so disastrously the old. It is certain that the same clerk is retained who is known to have been the active instrument of the fallen faction. The same methods are pursued. Nothing but the indignant protest of the people seems to have prevented the lowering of the teachers' salaries. And we have yet to obtain from the majority of the new board some conclusive proof that they are sincere in the advocacy of that system of equal education of which they have somewhat hastily assumed the control.

Already the people are becoming alarmed at the retention of the present clerk, the strange hesitation in the conduct of our School Commissioners, the errors they were too ready to commit. We think one serious fault on their part has been the neglect to take any measures to inquire into the expenditures and the appointments of their predecessors. Under the late sectarian trustees and commissioners the grossest abuses are said to have been permitted, as if it were their aim to bring dishonor upon that noble system of education against which the foreign priesthood have declared a vain hostility. We must ask from the new board a thorough inspection of the schools; but, above all, we may seek from its more intelligent members a bold declaration that they intend to carry out in its full vigor the American scheme of education, and that they are themselves the sincere friends of those notions of honesty and equality which our common schools are designed to inculcate.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph Fagnani, who died in this city a few days since, was an artist of such merit as to have received decorations from nearly all the continental sovereigns of Europe. In 1866 he painted a series of portraits of beautiful American women which he called "The Muses." The figures were only idealized in costume so far as to conform them to the characters which they were intended to represent. The names of the ladies who sat for the portraits were, Urania, Miss Blodgett; Calliope, Miss Wadsworth; Erato, Miss Sulivant; Clio, Mrs. Johnston; Polyhymnia, Mrs. Barlow; Melpomene, Madame De Luca; Terpsichore, Mrs. Ronalds; Thalia, Miss Smythe; Euterpe, Miss Parker.

—The divorce of Senator Sumner from his wife was so easily and quietly accomplished a few days since in Boston as to render it notable among divorces of people high in social position. Not the slightest impropriety was alleged on either side. It was a match of affection; but both parties were so mature, and so fixed in their ways and habits of life, as not to harmonize. Each found out that a mistake had been committed; so, to remedy it as far as possible, Mrs. Sumner went quietly to Europe, where she has since dwelt, and by her protracted and intentional absence has given Mr. S. the statutory right to claim a divorce on the technical ground of abandonment—all parties meanwhile remaining on "terms of respectful tenderness." Hon. Samuel Hooper, M.C., of Boston, his father-in-law, maintains the most intimate relations with Mr. Sumner, and, though losing him as a legal son-in-law, clings to him closely as ever as one of the best of friends.

—The fine-looking, white-haired, florid-faced ex-Governor of Connecticut, Jewell, so-called, has accepted the Russian mission. And what is more, being a very live man, a very practical and sensible man, with no nonsense about him, he will make one of the best and most popular men who have been exported to Russia on government account for that purpose.

—Mr. Ezekiel T. Cox, one of the pioneer settlers of Ohio, and one of its earliest and ablest editors, died in Zanesville on the 18th ult. He was the father of the Hon. S. S. Cox, of this city; was [illegible] in Monmouth, New Jersey, and came of good Revolutionary stock. His father was "a soldier of the Revolution," the highest title of American nobility, and fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; later he was elected to Congress, and died in 1808 while a member of that body. Mr. Ezekiel T. Cox was the last survivor of the early printers and editors of Ohio. In 1818 he established in Zanesville the *Muskingum Messenger*. There were comparatively few traveling facilities between Ohio and the East in those days, when railroads were unknown, and Mr. Cox displayed his energy by packing his press and type over the mountains on horses. In 1831 Mr. Cox, who was a Democrat of the Jacksonian school, was elected to the Ohio State Senate, and he was at the time of his death the sole survivor of the Ohio Legislature of 1831–32. He also held other important offices in Ohio. He was greatly esteemed by the community in which he resided, and he leaves behind him the reputation of a man who was at once mild and firm in principle and conduct, and just in his dealings with his fellow-men.

—Mr. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, is about to reply to certain parts of the eulogy of Charles Francis Adams on Mr. Seward. Mr. Welles kept a diary of all that transpired in the cabinet, and will prove that Mr. Lincoln desired to appoint Mr. Dayton as minister to Great Britain, and was only induced to change his mind and appoint Mr. Adams by the urgent appeals of Mr. Seward.

—When Seth Green put into the Genesee River, at the Lower Falls, a quantity of shad spawn, two years ago, the unbelieving predicted that the experiment would fail. Mr. Green offered a reward of $50 for the first three-pound shad caught this season in the Genesee or in Lake Ontario, and lo! the fishes have been caught—five of them—at Charlotte, where the river empties into Lake Ontario. As the excellent Dr. Watts feelingly says,

"Life is a shad—*ow*, how it flies!"

—Father Hyacinthe, having become a parent, has taken one step further in his journey from Rome, and now attacks the confessional and celibacy. He had better do the whole thing at once, as he doubtless intends to, and, logically, must do, and not spin out his Protestantism in driblets. Y^e plucky heretic doth not lyke ye manne who hesitates.

—The venerable Enos T. Throop, who was Lieutenant-Governor and acting Governor from March 12, 1829, to January 31, 1830, and Governor from 1831 to 1833, has returned to his former home on Owasco Lake, three miles from Auburn, intending to pass the remainder of his days on the old homestead of fifty-five years ago—that period of time having elapsed since he purchased the lovely spot selected for his residence. He is now nearly eighty-nine years old, hale and vigorous.

—The late Professor Goldstucker has left his manuscript Sanscrit dictionary to the India Office with the condition that it is not to be published until 1920. He wished his work to be judged by its merits, not by contemporary critics. Probably we shall better understand Sanscrit by that time.

—The Abbé Liszt has recently reappeared at Pesth, after an absence from the platform of twenty-eight years. He is said to have considerably altered; he is pale, and his brown hair has turned quite white. He received a most frantic welcome, the Emperor being present, and after the concert the audience literally fought to obtain some souvenir of the evening, such as a scrap of music or a morsel of red cloth. The very piano was in danger of being injured, the people struggling to break off a piece as a relic.

—Times change, and men change with them. The Earl of Derby, we perceive by English papers, is to lay the foundation-stone of the Rev. Newman Hall's new chapel in Westminster Road, London. It is to cost about $150,000. Earls of Derby did not use to go about in olden times laying foundation-stones for Dissenters' chapels. They turned up their noble noses at Dissenters, chapels and all.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, in a brilliant article on Lord Lytton, says he added to the inspiration of nature almost every thing that experience could give him. It was equally easy to him to place upon his canvas the Nestor of society, the wise man of the world, learned and skillful in all emergencies, and the noble vagabond incapable of any wisdom at all but that taught by generosity and love; the statesman, heavily weighted and full of the responsibilities of government, and the light-hearted youth of fashion, acknowledging no responsibility; the duke and the cobbler, the bookworm and the rural squire. This wide range gave him an extent of power which we think no other writer of the day has reached. He is the most brilliant of story-tellers, the most comprehensive of social philosophers.

—The son of Theodore, the unfortunate potentate of Abyssinia, is at school at Cheltenham, England, boarding with the Rev. F. W. Jex-Blake, head-master of Cheltenham College, and brother of the Edinburgh lady who has been fighting the hospitals so long. Alamayn is a straight, well-looking lad and very active in body, seems perfectly happy, and excels in college sports.

—Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, has among his philosophical apparatus a battery of thirty-six cells, which was once used by Franklin, having been brought to America by Dr. Priestly at the time of the Irish riots, and owned successively by Franklin, Dr. Prince, and the professor's grandfather.

—Ann Arbor, Michigan, is no great place for lectures. Here is the dollar-and-cent result of fourteen of them: John B. Gough netted $198; Beecher, $83 70; Professor White, $69 75; E. L. Godkin, $52; William Parsons, $12 75; Mrs. Scott-Siddons, $6 75; Edmund Yates, 25 cents; while the following netted a loss: J. T. Fields, 50 cents; Dr. Chapin, $1; and George Macdonald, $20. To think that they made but two shillings on Edmund Yates, and lost four on Mr. Fields!

—A son of ex-Confederate General D. H. Hill has been appointed a cadet at West Point. On receiving news of General Canby's death General Hill is reported to have said: "One by one the oppressors of the South come to an untimely end. Who would not rather be a crippled Confederate soldier, munching his crust of bread, than poor Longstreet, the pet of Grant, and the idol of Louisiana thieves?"

—George Cruikshank, the eminent artist, is thus referred to in a German biographical dictionary: "A famous caricaturist and artist in London, whose real name is Simon Pure."

—They have in the English Court of Exchequer certain "personals" that do not exist in any of our courts. At a recent sitting of that court the Lord Chief Baron created Mr. Arthur Cohen the "Tubman of the Court." It is a queer and rather ambiguous title, but has nothing to do with the Court's ablutions. There are two ranking barristers in the English Court of Exchequer. One is the senior counsel, called "the Postman," at present the Hon. Mr. Thesiger; the other is "the Tubman," who stands next in dignity. And these little things are "hankered" after, and go a great way in England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Another large fire occurred in Boston on the 30th ult. It originated in the upper part of a large furniture warehouse on Washington Street, at a little after eight o'clock in the morning, and as a strong north-westerly wind was blowing at the time, the flames spread with great rapidity to the adjacent buildings. The firemen, aided by the militia, fought the fire gallantly, but without success until upward of four acres of buildings had been destroyed, including the Globe Theatre, Chickering's piano warehouse, and the International Hotel. The fire also caught the steeple of the Presbyterian church, corner of Beach Street and Harrison Avenue. The spire was soon a mass of flames, but these were extinguished before they had reached the main edifice below. The whole area from Avery Street to Boylston Street on the west, and from Hayward Place to Essex Street on the east, is laid bare by the conflagration. The total loss is estimated at $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, on which there are heavy insurances. One fireman was killed and another severely injured by falling walls, and there were many narrow escapes. The map herewith given shows the

boundaries of the fire; on page 508 will be found a view of the scene taken on the spot by a special artist of *Harper's Weekly*.

The New York State Legislature finally adjourned on the 30th ult. The bill for the suppression of pauperism, intemperance, and crime was passed by the Assembly, as was also the New York Local Improvement bill. The new Local Option Liquor bill was amended in the Assembly and lost on the 27th ult. An attempt to have it reconsidered on the following day also failed. A Civil Damage bill was next proposed, which passed both Houses. By its provisions the vendor of liquor and the owner of the building in which it is sold are made responsible in damages to "every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who shall be injured in person or property or means of support by an intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person."

William Seeger, State Treasurer of Minnesota, has been impeached and removed for misapplying the State funds.

The miners in the Pennsylvania coal region threaten to strike if the employers insist upon the enforcement of recently given rules, claiming that the rules have been made only to force a strike, and thereby affect the price of coal.

Captain Jack's band was surprised by our soldiers on the 29th ult. within a mile of its stronghold, and several warriors, with their wives, were captured. Among those who surrendered were Boston Charley (the murderer of Rev. Dr. Thomas), Scar-faced Charley, and Old Schonchin.

The business portion of Varden, Mississippi, was burned on the 28th ult., resulting in a loss of $102,000.

The Massachusetts Senate has tabled the bill for the consolidation of the Boston and Maine and Eastern railways.

The bill incorporating the New York and New England Railway Company has passed the Connecticut Legislature, and awaits the Governor's signature.

At a conference of committees representing several State temperance organizations, and of other friends of temperance and the Sabbath, held in this city on the 29th ult., it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That in view of the failure of the Republican party, through its Governor and Legislature, to redeem the pledges repeatedly given to enact a local prohibitory law, a State convention be called to meet in Tweddle Hall, in the city of Albany, on the 24th day of June next, at 10 o'clock A.M., to consider and decide upon future action."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The new French ministry is officially announced, as follows: Minister of Foreign Affairs, Duke de Broglie; Minister of Justice, M. Ernoul; Minister of the Interior, M. Beulé; Minister of Finance, M. Pierre Magne; Minister of War, General Du Barail; Minister of Marine, Admiral Dompierre d'Hornoy; Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, M. Batbie; Minister of Public Works, M. Deseilligny; Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, M. Bouillerie. There has been no disorder in any portion of the country in consequence of the change in the government. Only half the troops are held in the barracks. Ex-President Thiers resumed his seat in the Assembly on the 26th ult., accompanied by his ex-ministers. The new government has resolved to adopt the free-trade policy. The Pope declares that now that M'Mahon has become President, he will pray with greater confidence for France.

In the British House of Commons the ministers were severely rated by Mr. Bentinck for their "humiliating and degrading policy" in the *Alabama* matter, and Mr. Gladstone characterized the advancement of the indirect claims as a "gigantic error." The Committee of Supply agreed to the item for the payment of the award.

Mr. Tom Hughes, in the House of Commons, has again protested against the adjournment of that body for the purpose of attending the Derby horse-race.

Six persons were killed and six others injured at a fire in Berkeley Square, London, on the 27th ult.

The Wolverhampton (England) manufacturers are importing iron from the United States.

The bill abolishing religious corporations has been passed by the Roman Chamber of Deputies.

The remains of Manzoni were buried at Milan with honors on the 29th ult.

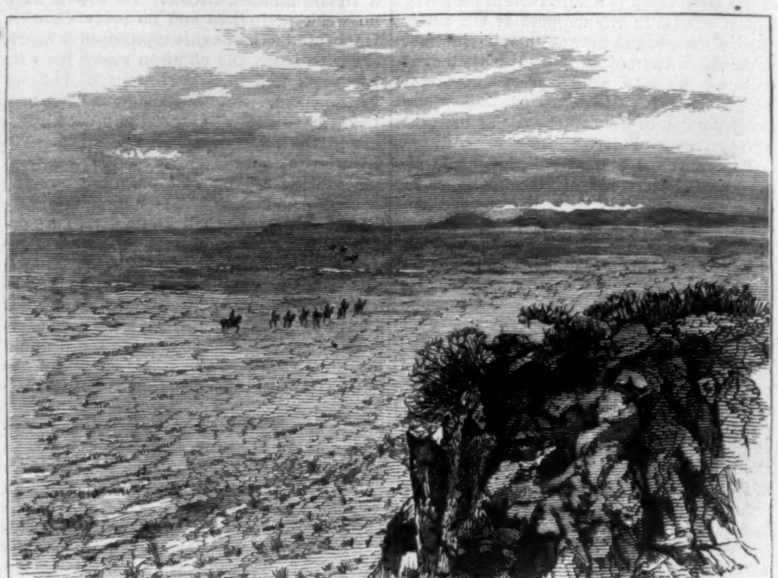
The Spanish government has directed Captain-General Pieltain to proceed with the emancipation of 10,000 Cuban slaves.

Dorregarray, at the head of the Carlists, is marching on Logrono, and the government troops are concentrating to attack him on his way. The use of titles of nobility on official documents has been forbidden.

A boiler in a Brussels factory exploded on the 28th ult., killing fourteen persons, and injuring many others.

THE MODOC WAR REGION.

SCENE OF CANBY'S DEATH.

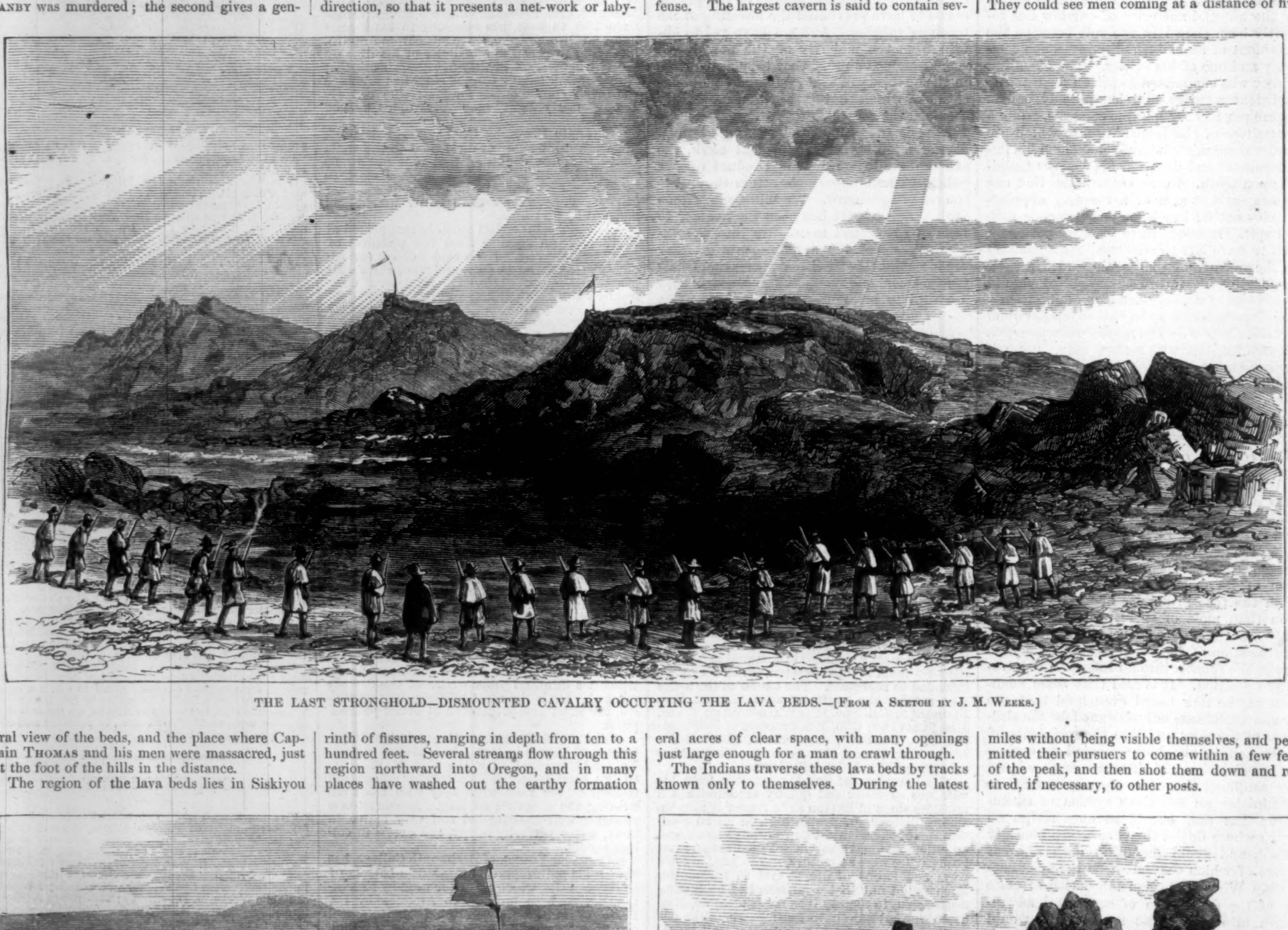


THE LAVA BEDS—SCENE OF THE THOMAS MASSACRE IN THE DISTANCE.

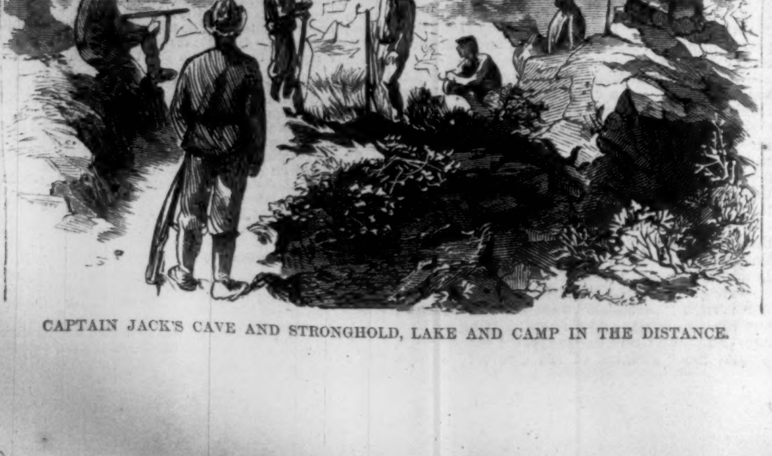
WE give on this page a series of illustrations, engraved, with one exception, from recent photographs, of the terrible region known as the "lava beds." The first shows the spot where General CANBY was murdered; the second gives a general view of the beds, and the place where Captain THOMAS and his men were massacred, just at the foot of the hills in the distance.

The region of the lava beds lies in Siskiyou County, on the northern boundary of California. It is a basaltic formation, which appears to have been cast up by volcanic action upon the bed of a lake. The sudden cooling cracked it in every direction, so that it presents a net-work or labyrinth of fissures, ranging in depth from ten to a hundred feet. Several streams flow through this region northward into Oregon, and in many places have washed out the earthy formation beneath, making numerous caverns, some of them many miles in extent. The fissures form connecting passages between these caverns, and afford ready means of attack, retreat, and defense. The largest cavern is said to contain several acres of clear space, with many openings just large enough for a man to crawl through.

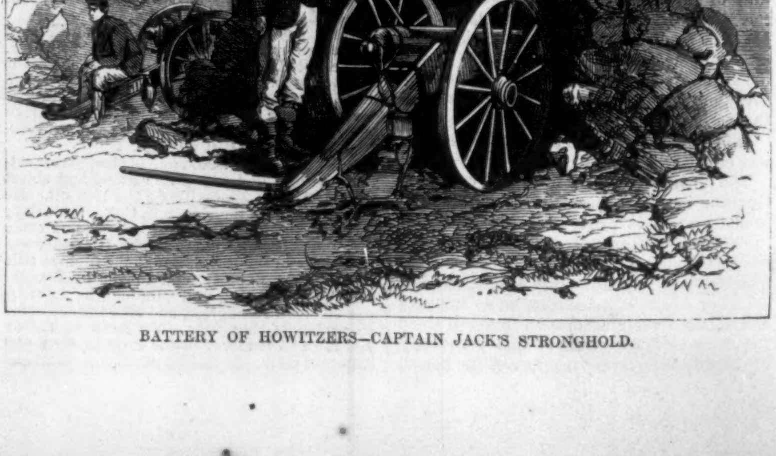
The Indians traverse these lava beds by tracks known only to themselves. During the latest fighting, while Captain JACK was still at bay in his stronghold, they would stand on peaks, looking down on persons fifty yards beneath, where it would require a long journey to get to them. They could see men coming at a distance of five miles without being visible themselves, and permitted their pursuers to come within a few feet of the peak, and then shot them down and retired, if necessary, to other posts.



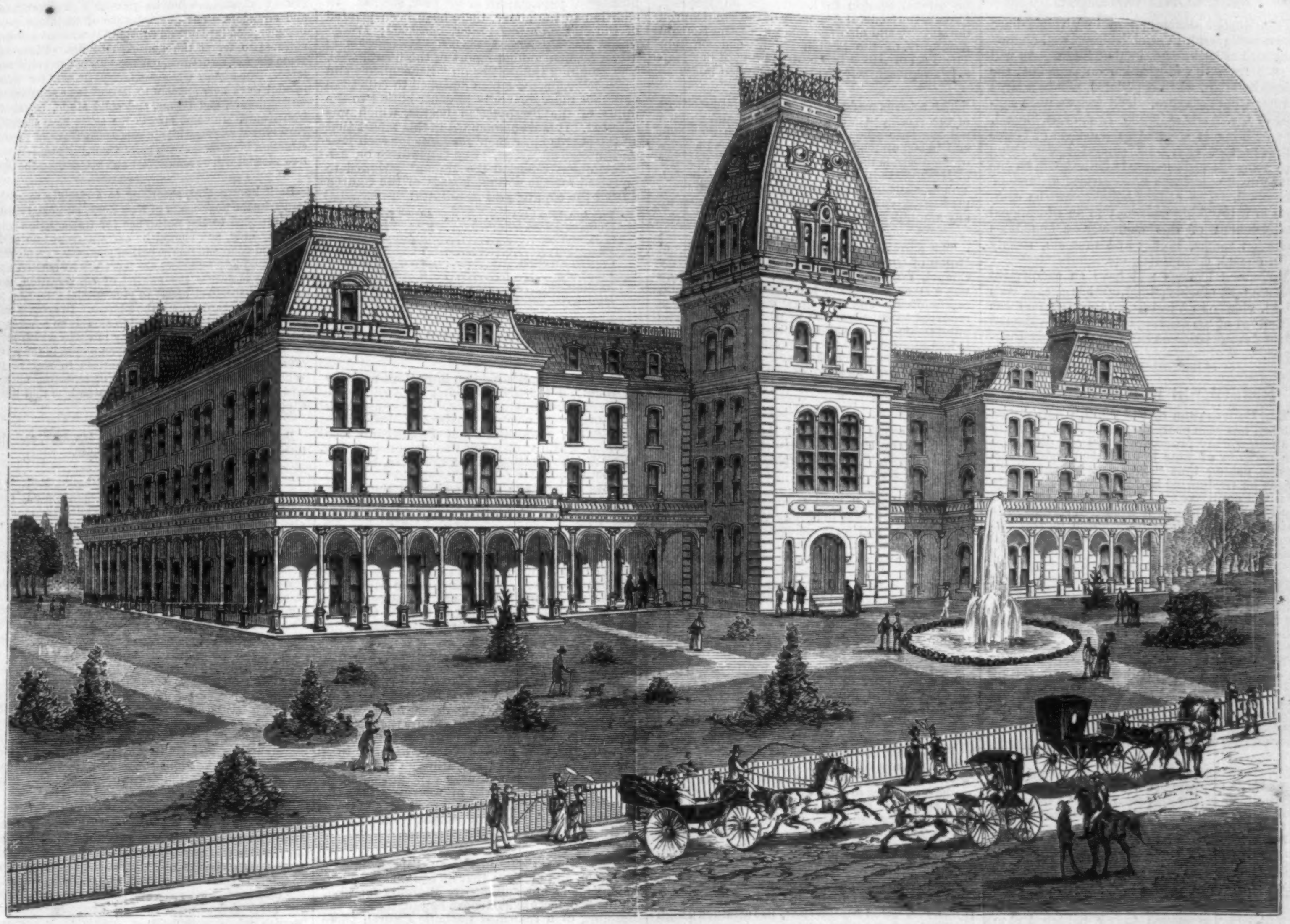
THE LAST STRONGHOLD—DISMOUNTED CAVALRY OCCUPYING THE LAVA BEDS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. WEEKS.]



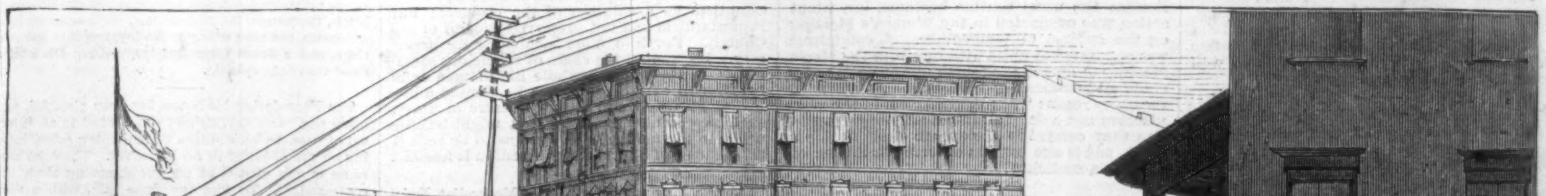
CAPTAIN JACK'S CAVE AND STRONGHOLD, LAKE AND CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.



BATTERY OF HOWITZERS—CAPTAIN JACK'S STRONGHOLD.



RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 502.]



DECORATION-DAY IN NEW YORK—PROCESSION PASSING THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT UNION SQUARE.

RICHMOND COLLEGE.

The Baptist denomination in Virginia have done a noble work in establishing a well-endowed college at Richmond, in that State. As will be seen from the illustration on page 501, the college building, when completed, will be a large and imposing structure. The designs were supplied by Mr. Alexander G. Lee, of Richmond. The building is situated at the head of Grace Street, in that city. Its central tower, rising high above all surrounding buildings, will be one of the most prominent architectural features of Richmond. The college building will be complete in every thing necessary to an educational establishment of this character—commodious recitation rooms, library and museum, society halls, chapel, dormitories, etc.

Richmond College will have an endowment of $300,000, of which $237,000 has already been raised, chiefly in Virginia. Over $12,000 was subscribed at the meeting of the Virginia Baptist General Association on the 29th of May, at Richmond.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Convocation of the English Established Church has been prorogued until July. Among the noteworthy proceedings was the debate on the petition of four hundred and eighty clergymen asking that "sacramental confession" might be recognized by the "licensing of duly qualified confessors." The statements made in the House of Bishops showed that serious evils have already arisen in the Church of England from this practice. The Bishop of Ely said that he "was cognizant of what he would only describe in general terms as most grievous results from young women having chosen young men as confessors." The Bishop of Chichester said that "he was altogether against having men set up as confessors; such men were too much followed by silly women, who, whatever might be their right to choose their confessors, certainly abused this right." The Archbishop of Canterbury summed up the debate by stating that it was evident that every bishop present was opposed to "habitual confession." On motion of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the subject was referred to a committee to consider and report upon.

Mr. Gladstone is equal to every occasion, as witness the following story, which is told in the May number of the *Leisure Hour:* "A large and brilliant assemblage of guests, including Mr. Gladstone, were staying at Inverary Castle, and before they retired for the night Dr. Guthrie was asked by the Duke of Argyle to conduct 'family worship.' 'With great pleasure will I conduct it,' said the doctor; 'but in the Castle of Argyle we must observe the good old Presbyterian form, and begin by singing a Psalm.' It was agreed that a Scotch Psalm should be sung to a Scotch tune; but the difficulty was to find a 'precentor.' After a number of ladies and gentlemen had been appealed to and had declared themselves unfit for the duty, Mr. Gladstone stepped forward, saying, 'I'll raise the tune, Dr. Guthrie;' and well did he perform his task. We all know what a fine voice the Premier has, but it is not so well known that he is a good singer."

The anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held in Exeter Hall, London, May 7. The receipts for the past year were £188,837, and the expenditures £205,213, leaving a deficiency of about £16,000. The pleasing fact was announced that in Germany fourteen of the society's colporteurs had received medals from the Emperor in recognition of their valuable services during the recent war. In Austria and the adjacent countries 156,000 copies of the Bible had been distributed during the past year; 231,000 copies had been distributed in Russia; royal permission had been obtained to circulate the Scriptures in Denmark; and Mr. Moffatt's Bechuana version (for South Africa) was announced as completed. Addresses were made by several bishops, Dr. Cumming, and others.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, which met at Baltimore May 15, was quite surprised by a proposal from the Cumberland Presbyterians for reunion. This body grew out of the great revival in Kentucky and Tennessee at the beginning of the present century. The widespread religious interest led to the employment of lay preachers in those States. This step, which was considered necessary by the Cumberland Presbytery, was condemned by the Synod of Kentucky, and subsequently by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery, insisting upon the propriety of its new measures, developed into a distinct body, which numbers now 100 presbyteries, 1000 ministers, and 130,000 members. In doctrine the Cumberland Presbyterians reject "fatalism," though they adhere somewhat to the old standards; in their methods of labor they very much resemble the Methodists.

The near prospect of the election of a new pope gives interest to all intelligence in relation to the composition of the College of Cardinals, upon whom that duty will devolve. Thirty-six of the present cardinals are natives of Italy, four are from France, three from Germany, two from Spain, one from Ireland, and one from South America. Among the Italian cardinals are Lucien Bonaparte, and Antonelli, the papal secretary; the Irish cardinal is Cullen. Among the Germans is Prince Hohenlohe, and among the French is Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen. It has for centuries been the policy of the popes to keep the college predominantly Italian. Upon the death of a pope the cardinals are required to meet in secret session, and to remain secluded until they have effected an election.

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Scotland assembled in Edinburgh the second week in May. Their membership is only 6940. The Reformed Presbyterians, or Cameronians, as they are sometimes called, have for some years been endeavoring to effect a union with the Scottish Free Church and the United Presbyterians. All efforts in this direction have hitherto failed. The union question was the principal topic discussed. The United Presbyterian Synod began its annual session in Edinburgh on Monday, May 12, the General Assembly of the Free Church on May 22, and also the same week the General Assembly of the Scotch Established Church. The Earl of Airlie has been appointed her Majesty's representative to the last-named body.

The returns made at the May district meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists of England show a net increase since May, 1872, of 2300 members and 16,000 on trial. In Ireland the net increase of members is not over 100. The total number of Methodists in Ireland is, however, but 19,000. The most decided advance has been in the manufacturing centres; in London no increase of any amount is reported.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Great Britain was opened in Finsbury Chapel, London, on Monday, May 12. There was a large increase in the number of churches represented. The ministers' retiring fund was reported to have reached nearly £100,000. The publication account showed a surplus of £1329. It was reported that the committee of the Union had offered to undertake one-half "the cost of the *Nonconformist's* share of testing" the accuracy of the religious statistics of England, recently published.

Belfast sends another of its ministers, the fourth, to the United States—the Rev. Samuel H. Hamilton, who has accepted an invitation to the city of New York.

The Southern Baptist Convention assembled the first week in May in Mobile, Alabama. About two hundred and forty delegates were present, all from the Southern States. The receipts reported for foreign missions were $28,760, and for a chapel in Rome, $22,263—in all over $50,000. Dr. Jeter is now in Rome superintending the building of the chapel and the affairs of the mission. This board sustains missions also in China and Africa. For domestic missions the amount collected during the year was $27,199. A principal topic of discussion was the removal of the Theological Seminary from Greenville, South Carolina, to Louisville, Kentucky. It was stated that the State of South Carolina is so impoverished that any adequate endowment from its citizens is not to be hoped for.

The *Jewish Messenger* thinks that Judaism in America has a brilliant future. It says: "Here, where a thousand different sects abide in peace, Judaism will have time and space to develop its real character as it has never before been permitted to develop. Here, where circumstances are so propitious, supposing, of course, that our people emulate the virtues and not the backslidings of their fathers, Judaism will attain a breadth and beauty unrecognizable in its whole previous history."

In the city of Cincinnati one of the Jewish preachers, Rabbi Lilienthal, has attained a high reputation as a pulpit orator.

The Philadelphia yearly meeting of the (orthodox) Friends was largely attended this year. Besides the usual routine business, important action was originated in the Women's Meeting on the subject of temperance. A committee was appointed to unite with one from the Men's Meeting to amend the fourth query, so as to include all intoxicating beverages. As amended the query reads: "Are Friends clear of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating beverages? Are they careful to discourage their use as a drink, and is due caution observed in the use of them as a medicine?"

On Saturday, May 31, Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sailed from New York upon a tour of inspection of the Methodist missions in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. From Europe he proceeds to South America to examine the missions in and near Buenos Ayres. On May 6th Bishop Harris, of the same Church, left New York for San Francisco, Japan, China, India, and Bulgaria. The Methodist Episcopal Church has employed in its foreign field 207 missionaries, 162 assistants, 310 teachers, and has under its care 111 churches, 16,170 members, and 2957 probationers. Its domestic missions among the foreign populations of the United States employ 251 missionaries, and report 34,291 members and 5823 probationers.

The reports of the Presbyterian boards to the General Assembly show great prosperity. The Home Mission Board has had under its charge the past year 993 missionaries, who have been distributed over thirty-eight States and Territories. From 450 to 500 of the missionaries have received for their services $1000 each per annum. One hundred and thirty-six churches have been formed during the year. The total receipts for 1872 have been $304,717; expenditures, $297,311. The Board of Church Erection has received during the year $110,774, an advance on the year preceding. The applications for aid have numbered 303, asking for the sum of $212,590. Appropriations were made to 160 churches to the amount of $88,091, being an average of $550 to each church. The rule of the board is in no case to appropriate more than one-third of the cost of a church building. During the year insurance on church property has been effected through the board to the amount of $119,483. The Committee on Ministerial Relief report that they have on the roll of their beneficiaries 204 widows of ministers, 155 ministers, and the orphans of twenty families. The committee have had for 1872 an income of $81,317, and have expended $81,302. The increase of contributions to this fund for 1872 was $9560. The permanent relief fund, of which the interest only can be used, has reached $104,761. The Standing Committee on Foreign Missions reported an expenditure of $97,939 above receipts, and a total balance against the treasury of $128,695. The amount needed for the coming year was put down at $596,080, which, added to the deficiency, will make $723,749 to be raised. The actual income of the board is considerably less than $600,000. After some discussion of the report of the standing committee, $75,000 was subscribed in the Assembly for the relief of the treasury. The Board of Publication reported that "during the twelve months ending March 31, 1873, the board has published of *new* works 221,160 copies; *reprints* of former publications, 688,160: total number of publications of the year, 909,160. In addition to the above, there have been printed of the *Sabbath-school Visitor*, 2,229,000; *Presbyterian Monthly Record*, 155,000; *Presbyterian at Work*, 50,598; annual report of the board, 5500. The Standing Committee on "Benevolence and Finance" reported a plan designed to enlist the churches more generally in contributing to the funds of the Presbyterian boards, which was adopted. It is recommended in this report that all the boards close their accounts for each year on the 31st of March. The Committee on Apportionment reported the amount assigned to be raised for the several boards of the Church during the coming year as follows:

Foreign Missions	40	$600,000
Home Missions	23½	352,500
Sustentation	5½	82,500
Education	7	105,000
Church Erection	8	120,000
Freedmen	5	75,000
Publication	5	75,000
Ministerial Relief	6	90,000
	100	$1,500,000

The first column indicates the percentage of offerings to the funds of each board.

The Old Catholics held an important meeting at Bonn on the 20th and 21st of April. One hundred deputies attended. Professor Von Schulte was elected Chairman; Professors Cornelius, Friedrich, and Berchtold also were present. Constance was selected as the place for the meeting of the Congress, between the 10th and 21st of September next. It was decided to convoke an assembly on the 4th of June, at Cologne, for the election of a bishop. The Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht has declared his readiness to perform the episcopal consecration, and his offer has been accepted. After the consecration of their bishops, a synod will be held in due form, and church legislation will be undertaken. Constance is the city where Huss suffered martyrdom, and its selection as the place of the assembling of the Old Catholic Congress has been very appropriately called the "Nemesis of History."

Señor Barios, Lieutenant-General of the Guatemalan army, who is at the head of the provisional government of that republic, has proclaimed freedom of worship. The decree declares that the interests of Guatemala "require that its government should sanction and guarantee freedom of worship; that to grant liberty of worship is not to attack the Roman Catholic Church, seeing that the Roman Church can also enjoy all the privileges of liberty of worship; that the Roman Catholic Church is purer in countries where there is liberty of worship, and it finds itself surrounded by other churches."

Father Hyacinthe insists on still remaining a Catholic, and believes that he can do so. Protestantism is not sufficiently churchly for him. In his fifth lecture at Geneva he said that for the building of a reformed Catholic Church there were three plans: "The first would reconstitute it on the basis of simple deism. This he rejected, because deism was only a philosophy, and not a religion. The second was to accept Protestantism as a solution of the problem; but Protestantism had not preserved enough of the Church. For him more symbols were necessary. He wanted the chain of efficacious sacraments, embracing the whole life of man from baptism to extreme unction; he wanted a historical hierarchy and a visible centre of unity, such as was now at Rome, but might be elsewhere in the future." It remains to be seen if this scheme of Church reorganization is feasible.

At the May meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board an interesting account was given by the Rev. Bishop Haven of his recent tour of inspection in Mexico. He has purchased in the centre of the city of Mexico the cloisters of San Francisco for the sum of $16,300, and a property in the city of Puebla for $10,000. Both of these properties will be fitted up for churches and schools. The summary of the mission work, as stated by him, is: Two congregations have been gathered at Real del Monte, two also at Pachuca, three in Mexico—one English and two Spanish—besides preaching regularly near one of the gates of the city in a dwelling-house. Not less than nine congregations are thus already under Methodist care, and the superintendent has not been in the country three months.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Last autumn, when Anton Rubinstein first appeared before the American public, there was a somewhat general impression that, however gifted he might be, he was so austere an artist, so uncompromising in taste, so musically exclusive, he would never really touch the popular heart. The result of his eight months' visit in this country has been to awaken the most marked approval of strict musical critics, and unbounded enthusiasm in popular audiences. Rubinstein has given no less than 215 concerts in America, in all of which he performed the highest kind of classical music—he has not deviated from the standard with which he commenced. To understand that he has been appreciated, it is only needful to mention that the people of the United States have paid about $350,000 to hear this style of music. Quite a singular scene occurred in Boston on the occasion of Rubinstein's last concert there. A number of young ladies, carried away by enthusiasm, made their way into the retiring-room at the end of the concert, and, surrounding Rubinstein, shook him by the hand and showered him with congratulations, many pleading that he would not go away, and equally as many entreating he would soon return. It is said in local papers that some of the more impressible of his visitors shed tears, and there were symptoms of a more warm leave-taking in the shape of farewell embraces, when the embarrassed artist gracefully extricated himself from his dilemma, and took his departure, followed by a throng of his sorrow-stricken admirers. This is doubtless an exaggerated report of a somewhat sensational scene; but there is no doubt that the gifted artist won universal admiration and respect. The last concert given in Steinway Hall in this city called forth unbounded enthusiasm.

Six months after the fire, Boston looks about to see what has been done to restore the places laid waste by the devouring element. The wise city fathers settled on widening the streets in many instances—an improvement which must be grateful to both citizens and strangers. The general style of buildings now being erected is plain and substantial, with no wooden cornices to tempt the approach of fire. There are some elegant structures, but the number as yet is not large. The money which was formerly paid for ornamental work now appears to be put into substantial walls, girders, and beams, and solid stone, brick, or iron fronts. In some streets the ashes have scarcely been stirred as yet, while in others the work of reconstruction is going on with great vigor. By-and-by the new district will be handsomer and better than the old.

Be it known that, according to a circular recently issued by the postmaster of New York, all postal cards are intrusted to the post-office for transmission and delivery only, and should be exempt from idle curiosity and comment on the part of post-office employés. Clerks and letter-carriers are therefore instructed not to make messages the subject of conversation, nor (except in specified cases) to give special attention to any part of a card except the address. In no case will any clerk or carrier be allowed to exhibit an addressed postal card, or communicate any message which may be written upon it, to any one not employed in the post-office, except to a person authorized to receive it. Who, then, must have the credit of reporting all the curious stories of curious postal messages that have slipped into the newspapers?

Barnum's "show" was in Boston ten days, and the total number of tickets sold was 243,642.

The recent "narrow escape" at Niagara Falls is a seasonable warning, and, it would seem, might prevent that series of accidents at the Falls which marks almost every season. Four young men started to cross the river in a row-boat, but through some miscalculation found themselves in a most dangerous part of the channel, between the "Wing" and Goat Island. The stream at this point is very swift, and flows direct for the American Fall. There is no chance for a boat to make the head of Goat Island after getting once fully under the force of these currents. The boys labored at the oars with that fierce energy which despair only can arouse. For a long time it seemed as though their efforts would prove fruitless, and that they were doomed to certain destruction. A large number of people collected on the banks of the river and Goat Island, and watched every move made by the desperate boys with the most intense anxiety. The boat was finally brought out from the influence of the river currents, and slowly creeping up the channel, brought hardly less relief to those who were helpless spectators than to the thoroughly frightened occupants of the little craft.

About the time of the opening of the Vienna Exhibition the entire community of that city seemed to act on the idea that strangers must come there, and that by judicious management they might be fleeced to an unlimited extent. An exorbitant price was demanded for very modest lodgings, and an extra sum was asked for every article upon bills of fare. Austrian and French wines were held at double their ordinary prices. And if one, dissatisfied with charges at the hotel where he was staying, desired to make a change, it cost a small fortune to get away. The man who swept his room demanded a gratuity; so did the boot-black, the porter, the table-waiter, the keeper of hats and coats, the man who put the luggage into the carriage, and a dozen other lackeys, making the exit a most vexatious episode.

The Pope during his illness has been cheerful, and often gay. One day, rising from his bed in an interval of ease, he walked into the adjoining *salon*, leaning on the shoulder of an attendant. There he saw some of the officers of his guard, among them the commandant. To him the Pope said, with a very grave air, "Ah, you do not guard me too well; you have allowed the enemy to enter my apartments."

"It is impossible," stammered the commandant.

"Ah, yes," added the Pope; "you have allowed my malady to enter."

Germany has the honor of inventing an instrument for testing color-blindness, which is such a peculiar and puzzling phenomenon. It is a rotating apparatus consisting of rings of various colors. It is so arranged that when revolved the admixture of colors will appear in a certain specified way to a person who is "green-blind," in another way to one who is "red-blind," and so on. Thus the eye may be accurately tested, and disputes concerning colors—which have often arisen—may be easily settled.

Some efforts are being made to ameliorate the condition of women in India. A plan has been originated to establish a Female Medical Mission at Jeypore, in Rajpootana, which, if successful, will not only give remunerative occupation to many unemployed white women, but will also prove an inestimable blessing to the inmates of the Hindoo harems. It is well known that the native prejudices and etiquette forbid the entrance of men (near relatives alone excepted) into the female apartments; consequently the unfortunate women are practically cut off from all medical assistance, and, in the higher classes especially, suffer, and frequently die, for lack of skilled advice. In many cases, however, a medical woman would be courteously welcomed. Mrs. Beynon, a lady who has long resided in Jeypore, has offered to make the necessary arrangements for the establishment of a Female Medical Mission. It is proposed to send out to Jeypore a skilled physician, who will there have the direction of a small female school of medicine, the pupils being carefully selected Englishwomen, residents of the country. A dispensary will at the same time be opened in connection with the school. When efficiently trained, the pupils will find a large field of usefulness amidst the harems of that large and populous city, and it is hoped not only that their skill will relieve physical suffering, but that by their healthy influence they will raise the moral and religious tone of the much-neglected Hindoo ladies.

"The first thing that strikes a stranger here," remarks a Calcutta correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is the absence of English child-life. The most prominent feature in an Indian grave-yard is the number of children's graves." It appears from statistics lately published that in 1871 out of 11,000 soldiers' children in India, a very large proportion were ill every day throughout the year. One-third of the whole number of European children in India die under six months old, eighty-five per cent. die before the age of two years, and out of one hundred infants born only

eleven attain maturity. The Indian empire costs Great Britain much every year in the sacrifice of soldiers in the trenches and on the battle-field, but a far more numerous army of helpless victims toss feverishly upon their little cots until their feeble life is worn away.

In former years the unfortunate Russians who were condemned to exile in Siberia suffered fearfully even before they reached their dreary destination. They were forced to make their long and laborious journey on foot, marching in all weathers, and often in chains which wounded the flesh by constant friction. The time occupied in the journey was from one to two years. The prisoners rested at fixed stations, and were attended by officers and soldiers, who were changed at each station. New arrangements have been made from time to time by the Russian government, so that now the health and comfort of the exiles are provided for, and the government also makes a saving in the fewer number of stations and soldiers required. They are conveyed the greater part of the distance by rail or steamer, and winter marches are also prohibited.

Startling scene in Western railway car. A stalwart German sitting alone on one side of the car, and a tall American on the other. The tall gentleman, desiring fresh air, opened the window next him. The German requested that he "put that window down right away, quick!" The request was complied with at once, and the tall gentleman moved to the rear of the car, and raised another window, when his German friend immediately left his seat and requested that the second window be also closed. "No," said our American; "I have complied with your request once, and having left your neighborhood, can see no justice in your demand." Upon this the German returned to his seat, and taking therefrom a revolver, to the utter astonishment of all, placed the weapon in his pocket, remarking with an oath that he "would shoot that Yankee if he didn't shut the window." The tall man noticed the movement and heard the remark, and after the German had again taken his seat, walked down the aisle of the car, approached the German from behind, and placed his left arm *à la garrote* around his neck, with his right hand drew out the pistol, and placing it in his own pocket, quietly resumed his seat. When the conductor came around the American gave him the revolver, with the request that it be returned to his German friend upon their arrival at Toledo, provided he had cooled down.

Certain elderly ladies who are in the banana, ice-cream, and candy business insist upon their right to ride in the Third Avenue smoking-cars and smoke their own pipes to relieve the tedious ride to their "up-town" homes.

In-Tse is the original name of a young Chinese lady who has recently contracted a marriage in Paris with Vicomte Charles de Thouais. The young bride was an adopted daughter of a French merchant of Canton. The gentleman, on leaving Canton, took the young girl to France with him, and sent her to a first-class school in Bordeaux. Perhaps this is the first instance of a Frenchman marrying a daughter of the Celestial Empire; but the age is progressing, and it will probably not be the last.

Apropos: a Japanese dignitary now in Paris, young, rich, and handsome, according to report, is about to marry—if the ceremony has not already transpired—the daughter of a wealthy French merchant. The lady has stipulated that her suitor should embrace the Catholic faith, to which no objection seems to have been made.

By a private letter from an interior town in Maine, not forty miles from the capital, we learn that on May 25 there was snow six feet deep on a farm in the vicinity. On that same farm the snow has been in one place *fifteen feet deep* during the winter. So impenetrable to the sun's influence was this huge body of snow that a few days before the letter containing our information was written a gentleman rode over the drift on horseback, and the horse did not even "slump."

Long Branch is to be a grand centre of summer pleasure. The railroad facilities for reaching the Branch are to be greatly increased this season. One company proposes to provide an all-rail route from New York to Long Branch which will occupy only an hour and a half per trip.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Signal Corps has recently extended its series of observations in the form of a daily record of the surface and bottom temperature of the rivers and harbors upon which the several stations are situated. This, while of much interest in a meteorological point of view, is also of practical importance in connection with the subject of introducing useful food fishes into the rivers and lakes of the United States, as lately provided for by Congressional enactment. It is well known that the possibility of introducing salmon into any given stream will depend upon the relationship of its temperature during the summer and autumn to the particular species; some kinds, as the true salmon of the North Atlantic (*Salmo salar*), requiring a summer minimum of at least sixty to sixty-five degrees, while others will bear a higher temperature.

We are greatly pleased to chronicle this movement on the part of the Signal-office, and hail it as an additional evidence of its progressiveness and its determination to use all its resources and appliances for the advance of science and in the best interest of humanity.

Later advices from the British ship *Challenger* announce her arrival at Halifax, on the 9th of May, and state that she will probably remain there about a fortnight. She had steamed from Bermuda almost within sight of Sandy Hook, and then proceeded direct to Halifax, without entering any American port. As usual, in her trip from Bermuda she was constantly occupied in dredging and sounding, but with no result of special importance beyond bringing up in the trawl, from a depth of two miles, a block of granite four feet by two, and weighing 500 pounds. This was evidently thrown overboard from some vessel, or from one wrecked in that vicinity.

The self-registering tide-ganges of the Coast Survey are doing good work not only in recording tides, but also in catching the fleeting waves produced by earthquakes. One of the first cases of this kind occurred on the Pacific coast in 1854. The great earthquake of Arica, in 1870, produced a wave that traveled in one-half of a day to Honolulu; and in one, two, and three days respectively to San Francisco, Melbourne, and Yokohama. It is now proposed to use this simple instrument at a number of points in the Mediterranean Sea as a regular means of recording the frequent earthquakes that occur there, where the systematic daily tides are so slight as to be nearly imperceptible. The annual report of the observatory at Sydney, New South Wales, states that the tide-gauge at that port has recorded fewer earthquake waves than that at Newcastle (a hundred miles distant), probably owing to the more open harbor of the latter.

The Army Signal-office has established the regular publication of a weekly weather chronicle, from which we propose hereafter to draw such items as may prove of general interest.

For the week ending May 28, the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office shows that one storm has moved from the Upper Missouri Valley eastward over the lakes and New England to the British Provinces. A second has moved from the Northwest over Lake Superior into Canada. Besides numerous local thunder-storms in various sections of the country, a very severe tornado passed over Iowa on the 23d, of whose ravages the daily papers have given full accounts. The temperature has been generally warm, with an average admixture of clear and cloudy weather, and with considerable fog on the Atlantic sea-board. An unusually heavy rain fell at New Orleans and in Southern Louisiana on the 27th and 28th, and about two inches of rain fell at twenty other stations, apparently mostly in the Southern and Western States. We infer from the above and from the general reports that the season is now highly favorable to all vegetation, notwithstanding the cold, wet, and backward spring.

The death of SIMON DOMINIQUE AMEDÉE THIERRY at Paris on the 26th of March last, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, is announced by his family to his friends and correspondents. This gentleman was a member of the Institute of France, and of various other societies in Europe, and was well known in connection with his researches in regard to the history and archæology of France.

The salmon eggs supplied to the State of New York by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries have all been successfully hatched at the establishment at Rochester under the charge of SETH GREEN; and on the 3d of May 30,000 were placed in the head waters of the Hudson, 15,000 in Salmon River, and 15,000 in Oswego River. A number have also been placed in certain streams on Long Island. This experiment, we trust, will be a successful one; and with the additional number to be introduced hereafter, the work of supplying the waters of New York with this valuable food fish may be considered as hopefully initiated.

The quota of eggs for New Jersey, in charge of Dr. J. H. SLACK, of Bloomsbury, have also been successfully hatched. Of these, 20,000 were placed in the head waters of the Raritan River on the 2d of May. The stream into which they were introduced having a very large spring at its source, with a capacity of about 200 gallons per minute, constitutes the head of the Raritan. The rest of the supply for that State were placed in the Musconetcong, a tributary of the Delaware, upon which Bloomsbury is situated.

The 40,000 eggs sent to Pennsylvania were taken charge of by THADDEUS NORRIS, and were received by him on the 22d of March last. The great difference in the temperature of the water at Bucksport, Maine, whence they were shipped, and that at the hatching establishment near Easton, Pennsylvania, considerably endangered the young fish, their development being accelerated too rapidly. This involved a loss of about one-third of the whole number. The remainder, however, escaped further peril, and, after being hatched, were allowed to pass into the Heitsman Spring Brook, about two miles above Easton, and emptying, after a course of about two hundred and fifty yards, into the Delaware River.

The experiment initiated by the California Fish Commissioners in 1871, with the assistance of SETH GREEN, in the way of transporting young shad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has borne actual fruit, as it appears by an article in the Rochester *Daily Union*, quoted from the Vallejo *Chronicle* of April 20, that a veritable shad was taken in a net at the junction of Carquinez and Vallejo straits, opposite the Navy-yard magazine. It was about sixteen or seventeen inches long, and, if a genuine shad, was about two years old. The sex is not given, although probably it was a male. We trust that the specimen has been preserved, so that its actual identification may become possible. Subsequent accounts state that on the 30th of April another shad was captured, and that on inquiry it has been ascertained that quite a number have been taken.

An institution has been founded in Vienna by Mr. ANTON M. PALLAC, which he calls a Rudolfinum, or Students' Home—a college of technical science for students of any nationality. It is now announced that this gentleman has arranged with the officers of the Rudolfinum to furnish free lodgings in that building to three hundred professors and teachers, of all nations and countries, who intend visiting the Exhibition of 1873. The offer is made for the months of July, August, and September, and applies alike to the professors of royal academies and the teachers of any kind of public schools. Early application is to be made, giving in each instance the name, address, and teaching position of the applicant, locality of school or institution in which he is engaged, with the date and length of time of his desired occupancy of these free lodgings. The application is to be addressed to the Administration of the Rudolfinum, 4 Meierhofgrasse, Vienna.

A new fishery law has just been passed by the State of Pennsylvania, which provides for the appointment of three competent persons, to be known as the State Fishery Commissioners, who are to hold their offices, unless the commission is sooner dissolved by legislative enactment, for three years. Their duties are to forward the restoration of the inland fisheries, and to stock the same with suitable fish, and also to superintend the erection of fish-ways as specified in the act. Special attention is to be given to the construction of fish ladders, of which there are to be built during the year 1873 one in the Columbia dam, one in the Clark Ferry dam, one in the Shamokin dam, and one in the first dam in the Juniata River, above its junction with the Susquehanna, for which $25,000 are appropriated. During the year 1874 ladders are to be placed in the Muncy, Nanticoke, and Lewistown dams, one in each of the first two dams occurring on the Lehigh River, above its junction with the Delaware, and one in the Towanda dam, in the north branch of the Susquehanna River, for which $30,000 are appropriated. During the year 1875 ladders are to be placed in the Newton Hamilton dam, in the Raystown branch dam, and in the third and fourth dams on the Lehigh River, above its junction with the Delaware, for which an allowance of $20,000 is made, the whole amount appropriated thus being $75,000.

It is provided that these fish-ways must be constructed in a manner satisfactory to the Commissioners, and are not to be paid for until approved by them. The Commissioners are authorized to appoint two fish-wardens in each of the reaches or stretches of the river immediately below the dams mentioned, who are to provide against any violation of the fishery laws. In the event of New Jersey making an equal appropriation, the expenditure of $3000 is authorized for the present year for the artificial propagation of shad in the Delaware River.

The provisions against fish-baskets, eel weirs or racks, and similar contrivances, enacted in 1871, are to extend to all streams in the commonwealth, and the Fishery Commissioners are to take due notice of any violation of the law. They are required to select suitable locations for hatching houses, to stock and to supply the waters of the commonwealth with useful food fishes, either by distributing the impregnated spawn or the fry. For the necessary material and services the sum of $10,000 is appropriated.

All persons hereafter erecting dams in any rivers of the State are required to supply fish-ways satisfactory to the Commissioners, under a severe penalty. The catching of fish of any kind with a seine having a mesh less than ten inches(?), or by any other appliance excepting the hook and line, between the 15th day of June and the 10th day of August, is to be considered a misdemeanor, and is liable to a fine not exceeding $100, and imprisonment not exceeding six months. This provision does not apply to the river Delaware below Trenton Falls.

The act further provides that the capture or possession of any shad taken in the Delaware River or its tributaries below Trenton Falls between the 11th day of June and the 10th day of August, or above the head of Trenton Falls, or any where on the Susquehanna or its tributaries within the State, between June 16 and August 10, shall be punishable by a fine of $5 for each fish, although a special exception is made in behalf of the Fishery Commissioners of the State, the co-riparian States, and the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries during the prohibited period for the purpose of natural or artificial spawning or propagation.

It is also provided that no fish whatever shall be taken, either shad or other species, between twelve o'clock at night, Saturday, and the ensuing midnight of Sunday, the penalty to consist of the confiscation of the boats and a fine of $100. Trenching upon fish-ponds is also made punishable, provided due notice be given at the ponds or preserves that said waters are private property. It is also enacted that no fish shall be taken except with hook and line within half a mile of any part of a dam or its chute in which there is now, or may hereafter be, any fish-way for the passage of fish up or down, the penalty for the violation of which is not to exceed $100. The provisions of this section do not take effect, however, until the 1st of March, 1874.

The Commissioners are to be paid their reasonable and necessary expenses for the performance of their duties, but receive no salary. They are required to file a bond in the sum of $10,000 for the faithful performance of their work.

The Commissioners appointed under the act are Messrs. H. J. REEDER, of Easton; B. L. HEWITT, of Hollidaysburg; and JAMES DUFFY, of Marietta.

Professor MARSH, of Yale College, has recently described, under the name *Orohippus agilis*, a very interesting fossil animal, allied to the horse. It was less than a fox in size, but its skull and skeleton show many equine characters which indicate that the genus is intermediate between *Anchitherium* and the less specialized mammals of the *Palæotherium* type. There were four well-developed digits in the fore-foot. The radius and ulna were separate, and the latter bone was stouter than in *Anchitherium*. The orbit was not inclosed behind, and there was no antorbital depression. There were three upper molars and four premolars, and the first premolar was nearly as large as the rest. The genus, therefore, supplies the only missing link in the genealogy of the horse. This unique specimen is from the eocene of Wyoming.

The Brighton Aquarium, under the management, since Mr. LORD's death, of Mr. W. SAVILLE KENT, late of the British Museum, continues to be highly successful. Among the most recent additions are several octopus and dogfish, a pair of porpoises, and other strange inhabitants of the deep; and the number of visitors is great beyond expectation. A similar undertaking has been proposed on the east coast, at Lowestoft, in Suffolk.

The much-vexed question as to whether seals are fish or not, as regards the oil to be obtained from them, has recently come up in a practical shape between the governments of the United States and Newfoundland. The fishery treaty lately entered into between the United States and Great Britain, and about to go into actual operation in the course of the present summer, provides that *fish* oil shall be admitted free, but that other oils shall pay a duty of ten per cent. This question is one that would be very easy of solution if it were purely zoological in its character, since, as every one does or should know, the seal and porpoise, as well as the whale, are warm-blooded mammalia, having nothing in common with the fish any more than has the man who, for the time being, goes into the water for the purpose of bathing. It appears, however, to be the general practice with commercial nations to class all oils obtained from marine objects, whether cetaceans, birds, or fishes, as fish oil, and on this ground it is probable that the claim of the Newfoundland authorities to have seals recognized as fish will be accepted.

The third annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fish Culture of Rhode Island, presented in February, 1873, has just been printed, and embraces a report of operations in reference to the introduction of shad, salmon, and black bass, and in regard to the construction of fish-ways. Shad were introduced into the Blackstone, Pawtuxet, and Pawcatuck, a supply having been furnished free of cost by the Connecticut Commissioners. A large number of salmon were obtained from Mr. ATKINS, at Bucksport, Maine, as the result of a subscription on the part of the State of Rhode Island to the important enterprise conducted so successfully by Mr. ATKINS, and an additional number were presented by the United States Fish Commissioner. Ten thousand young salmon were hatched out in the spring of 1872, and the greater part of them placed in the Pawtuxet River.

In the conclusion of their report the Commissioners ask for an appropriation of one thousand dollars for the purpose of constructing a model fish-way at Pawtucket, proposing to use the newly invented device of Mr. E. A. BRACKETT for that purpose.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHERIDAN was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying, "Hear! hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but only had sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed, with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amidst a general roar of laughter.

Are the Michi*ganders* any relation to the Portu*guese*, and if so, how much, and what?

At a mission Sunday-school, not long since, a little boy was crying bitterly. The teacher upon inquiry learned that he had lost his mother, and she, in sympathy, remarked to the scholars that no one knew what a loss it was until they had lost a mother, and that Johnny had good cause for crying. At this moment a little urchin jumped up and said, "Oh, teacher, you just wait till he gets a step-mother, then you'll hear him cry!"

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?—Parting with things as they go.

Coupon, the corpulent banker, was standing in Wall Street one hot day in August, "wiping the servile drops from off his brow," when a ragged but sharp-eyed newsboy accosted him with, "Please, Sir, tell me the time." Coupon lugged out his time-piece, and looking benignly down on his interlocutor, responded, "Just two o'clock." "All right, old buffer," said the gamin, gathering his rags together for a run; "you can sell out for soap-grease at three." The insulted man of money raised his cane, and making a frantic rush for his tormentor, nearly fell over a friend who was coming up the street. "Hello, Coupon, what's the matter?" said the other. "Matter!" said Coupon, puffing with heat and anger: "why, one of those newsboys asked me the time, and when I told him two o'clock, the impudent young scoundrel said I might sell out for soap-grease at three." "Don't be in such a hurry," was the malicious response; "it's only five minutes past two; you've got fifty-five minutes to do it in."

THE LARGEST MOTH EVER KNOWN—The behemoth.

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? Jist tell me that; for it's meself that's had to maintain ye iver since the blissed day that Father O'Flanigan sint me hum to yer house." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivers me—thin, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey."

The hornet is beautifully defined to be the red-hot child of nature.

A solicitor who had recently been engaged by a prominent life-insurance firm returned to the office of his employers, the other day, and complained that he had been snubbed by a gentleman on whom he had called. "Snubbed," cried the manager, "snubbed? Why, what did you do that he should have snubbed you? I have solicited life-insurance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and have never yet been snubbed. I have been kicked down stairs, beaten over the head with chairs, and thrown out of the window, but snubbed I never have been." The solicitor is driving a coal wagon.

Book-keeping may be taught in a single lesson of three words: Never lend them.

"Got any medicine?" asked a boy, entering a drug store the other day. "Yes, lots of it. What do you want?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, it don't make any difference, so it's something lively. Dad is fearful bad." "What ails him?" asked the clerk. "Dunno," said the boy; "but he's run down awful. He just sits around the stove all day and mopes; he hasn't walloped mother since Christmas. I guess he's going to die!"

Women like to marry men by the name of William, so they can have a will of their own.

A lady thinks it very strange that whenever she goes to the theatre with her husband, he always goes out between the acts to get some cloves to chew.

This is the latest comic rhyme:

"Say so, Sue, Sau-cy, Sue,
Never leave me to sigh so, Sue;
If you love me, Saucy Sue,
Wouldn't it be better for to say so, Sue?"

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered, he would have died half an hour before."

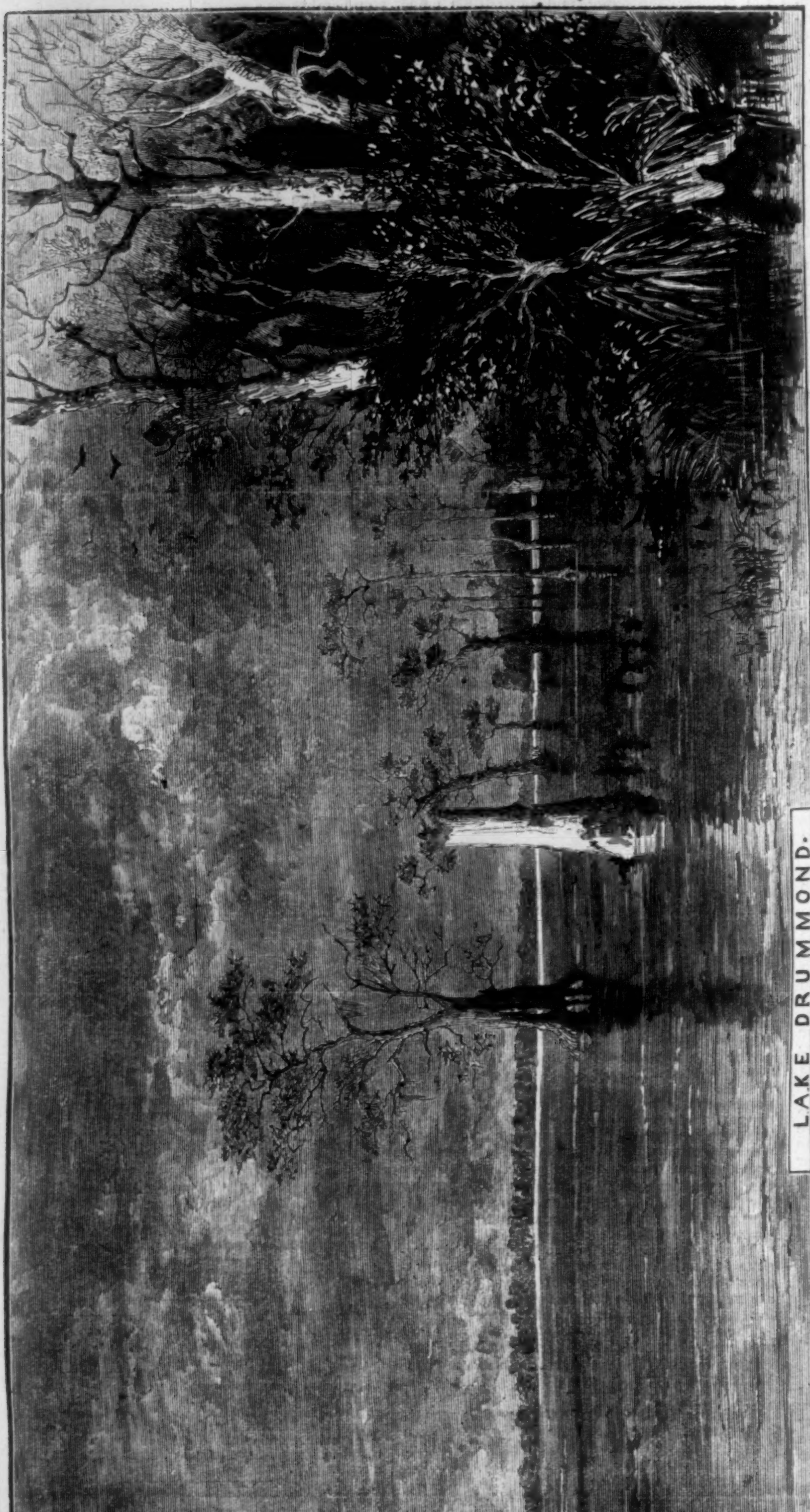
A lecturer on temperance, while addressing a crowd, was interrupted by an old bummer, who apostrophized as follows: "Mister, I take a glass occasionally; in fact, as often as I ken git it, an' I tell you why. Yer see, I knew a fellow onst who acted terzactly as you do; he never drunk nothin' but water. Wa'al, mister, he died suddenly, he did, an' his doctor said as how he dropped o' aperplexy; but when they kim ter open him—yer ought to see him then—they found nothin' but icicles in his stomach! Yer see, he friz ter death, in hot weather at that, mind yer, an' all for the want o' a little fusil ile to lubricate him like in his innards. Now, mister, go on with yer preachin', and see how't'll work!" It didn't "work" a bit. The lecturer left the stump in a hurry.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THE genius of popular nomenclature was never better evinced than in the aptness of the name bestowed upon the great swamp of the Atlantic coast. Lying partly in Virginia and partly in North Carolina, it extends north and south some thirty miles, with a mean breadth of ten miles. It is elevated eighteen feet above the level of the Chesapeake Bay, and five navigable rivers and many creeks take their rise in it. It is covered for the most part with a dense growth of timber, cypress, juniper, gum, and pine, and upon the dryer ridges which intersect it the beech and oak grow to great size. Its soil is composed for a great depth of peat, which may, and probably will, at some time be turned to good account.

Its dimensions were first accurately estimated in 1728, when Colonel WILLIAM BYRD, of Westover, was chief of a commission appointed by Governor GOOCH to survey and fix the boundary line between the colonies of Virginia and North Carolina. His party painfully toiled through the swamp, making about one mile per day; and in the Westover MSS. Colonel BYRD has left an entertaining account of the difficulties met with, and mingles, in queer fashion, the current legends touching the wonders of the region with acute suggestions as to its future value: "Since the Surveyors had enter'd the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature; neither Bird nor Beast, Insect nor Reptile, came in View...... Not even a Turkey-Buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian Vultures will over the filthy Lake Avernus, or the Birds in the Holy Land over the Salt Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood......It won'd require a great Sum of Money to drain it, but the Publick Treasure cou'd not be better bestowed than to preserve the lives of his Majesty's Liege People, and at the same time render so great a Tract of Swamp very Profitable, besides the advantage of making a Channel to transport by water carriage goods from Albemarle Sound into Nansemond and Elizabeth Rivers, in Virginia."

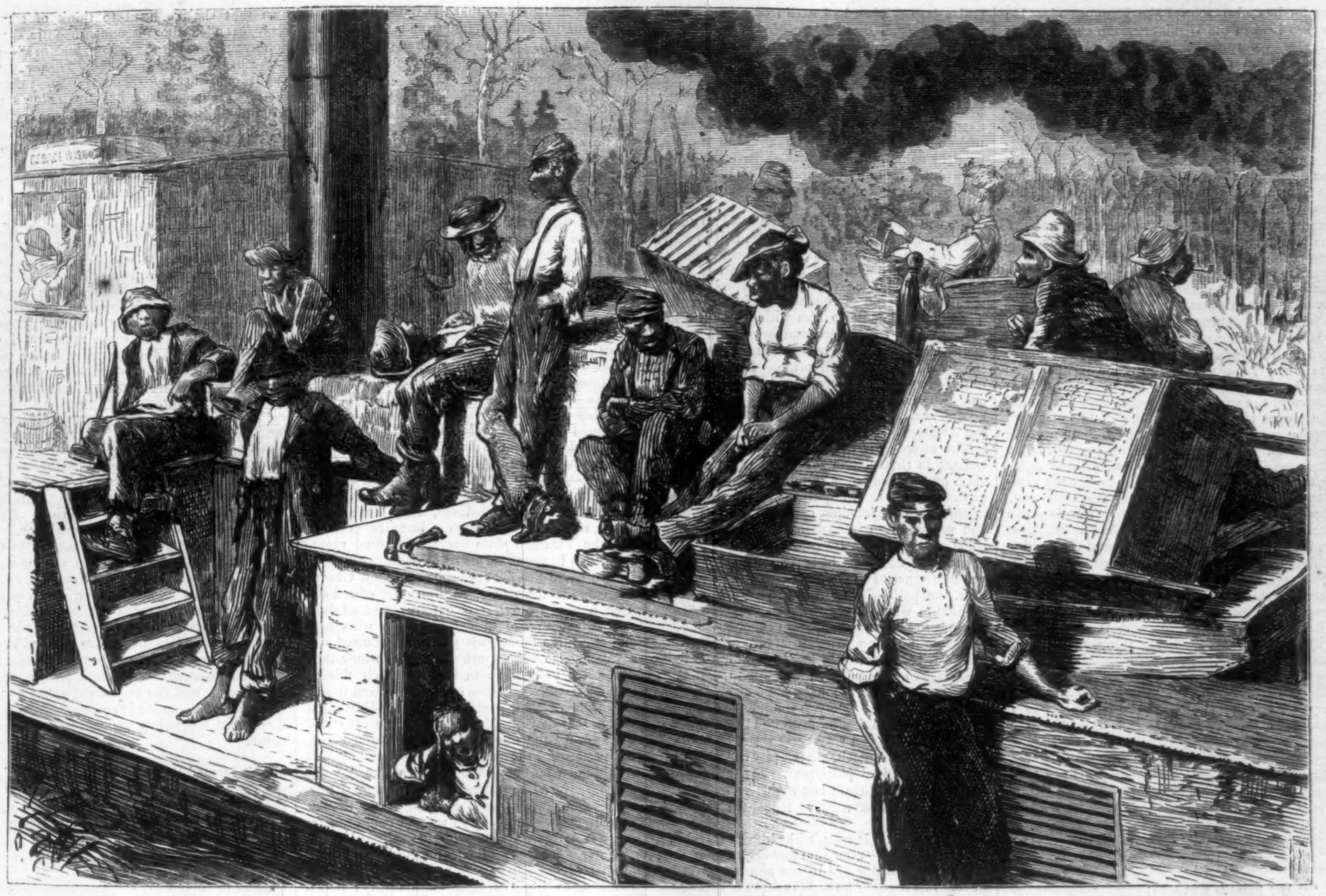
His "Majesty's Liege People" had far other tasks before them then; yet, in the fullness of time, these anticipations have been more than fulfilled. Through the northern borders of the Dismal two railroads have been driven, leading south and west from Elizabeth River; through its centre, piercing its whole length, two canals have been led, to unite the waters of Chesapeake Bay and of Albemarle Sound, and several minor water-ways connect the main-land with Lake Drummond, its centre. WASHINGTON'S eye did not fail to perceive the uses of the Dismal; under his influence the Dismal Swamp Canal Company was organized, and one small water-way from the lake to the main-land still bears his name. The later and larger of the two canals through the swamp, the "Chesapeake and Albemarle," leads from the South Branch of Elizabeth into Currituck Sound, and forms a link in the inland navigation line extending from New York Bay to Cape Fear. It admits vessels of considerable burden, and steam has for years been successfully used upon it. In 1870, 4382 vessels of all classes passed through it, from the tolls and towing of which was realized $58,734. This canal uses a single lock of 40 feet by 220 feet, and is fed by tidal action. The Dismal


LAKE DRUMMOND.

THE LONE HOUSE.

GOING INTO THE SWAMP—A CHECK ON THE TOW.

SKETCHES IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]



TIMBER CUTTERS GOING INTO THE SWAMP.

Swamp Canal, emptying on the one hand into the West Branch of Elizabeth, and on the other into Pasquotank River, confines itself more strictly to the carriage of the products of the swamp. Steam towage is used upon it successfully, and its business, especially in lumber, is very large, the revenue from tolls being about $20,000. It is fed chiefly by the waters of Lake Drummond, with which it connects by a "feeder" some three miles in length, the "feeder" being a very large ditch, or a very small canal. The productions of the Dismal consist chiefly in the various forms of lumber—ship timber, boards, shingles, staves, railroad ties, and fire-wood. In the labor of preparing this lumber for market a large force is employed during the dryer season of the year.

The tourist who would see the swamp and the "swampers" in all their glory should embark, say in March, upon a steamer on the Dismal Swamp Canal, which is taking to the scene of their labors a merry and noisy crew of lumbermen. Picked up about Norfolk and Portsmouth, and often hired for the season, these men are full of their coming exploits with axe and saw, the elders swelling with self-importance, the younger gaping, awe-struck, to hear the wonderful yarns of the "camps." Reaching the "store" (pronounced "sto'") of their employer, the gang debarks, each man to spend all he can of his summer's wages. No women are among them, and if you ask them why, they will tell you that women once went with a party, and "a man was killed dar." It is in their camps—of brush-wood often, or of cypress bark, open on all sides but one—that the true negro character comes out. They are a sleepless race, these "swampers," and after working all day they drone half the night away in religious discussions containing the longest words, conducted with the utmost gravity, and leading to absolutely no conclusion, each party gravely assenting to or denying the positions of the other, while neither, it is plain, knows his own meaning nor that of the other. Their work is severe, they are always in mud or water, and their diet consists almost solely of bacon and the traditional "ash-cake;" yet, strange to say, their health is good, and they love the life they lead. The regular "swamper," however, is often a boatman as well as axe man, and the canal is seldom without the sight of a heavy-laden lighter, long and narrow, propelled by its two "trackers" (from the low Dutch "treck"), pushing against long poles fastened, as seen in the sketch, at the bow and stern. The love of subordination is innate in the negro, and of this crew of two one is invariably the skipper, the other the common sailor, and discipline is always observed.

The traveler has hardly seen the swamp un-

TRACKING A BOAT-LOAD OF RAILROAD TIES.

SUPPLY STORE, DISMAL SWAMP.

less he has also seen Lake Drummond. He reaches it from the Dismal Swamp Canal by the "feeder" before mentioned. Up this he is towed, as shown in the sketch, by a negro, who meets with endless difficulties as his craft runs her nose into the bank, or bumps heavily over a hidden log; but the good humor of his race supports him through it all.

The lake itself is a sheet of water whose longest diameter is six miles. Of shore proper it has none, but a dense forest bounds it, springing up from a watery bog that every where yields to the foot. An interior line of gnarled and battered trunks seems to mark the former limits of the waters, and adds, if aught can add, to the desolation of the scene. But one habitation of man, the Lone House, is upon its borders, and that serves only to make its loneliness the greater. Besides this house, no sign of man or of life is perceived. Often for hours together the inky waters lie still as glass; the very air is dumb and dead; no chirp of bird or cry of beast breaks the heavy silence; and the scene recalls those imagined pictures which the geologists have drawn of the carboniferous age, when the life of the planet was vegetable life, and the vast coal measures were slowly forming for the use of future man. The hermits of the Lone House are little sensible, so powerful is use, of their isolation, and have even been heard to pity the loneliness of those who dwell on mountain-tops. Brute nature recognizes better how rare is man's presence on the dismal lake. As our artist sat and drank in silently the beauty and the sombre stillness of the scene, a wild duck, sole tenant of the waters, swam up to the boat, and with a shocking tameness, came almost within arms-length, and sitting motionless and silent as the solemn cypress that rose above it, peered as if with wonder that any living thing had come to share its solitude.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER X.

"O last love! O first love!
My love with the true, true heart!
To think I have come to this your home,
And yet we are apart."

A sleepless night; a night of tossing to and fro, and mental fever and doubt and uncertainty, half-formed resolves, a long struggle between love and pride; and the early summer light shines on a pale eager face and tired eyes that have been watching for the dawn.

When that laggard morning comes, Elizabeth Luttrell has made up her mind to do something very desperate, very mad perhaps; she does not shrink from confessing as much to herself; but something without doing which she feels she can not endure her life.

She will see him once more, face to face; hear his voice speaking to her, and her only, once more in their lives; touch his hand, perchance, in friendly farewell, and then resign herself to their inevitable parting.

Of the reversal of that decree, or that any influence she can bring to bear can make him waver in his purpose, she cherishes no hope. There was that in his speech and manner last night which spoke of a resolve no earthly forces could shake. What could her selfish passion, her narrow love, do against a purpose so high, a scheme that involved the eternal welfare of millions? For who shall assign the natural limits of the missionary's work, or gauge the width of that new world over which his influence shall extend?

No; she deluded herself with no hope that he might be turned aside, even at the last moment, by the witchery of her smiles, by the pathos of her tears. She knew now that his world was not her world; that wide as the east is from the west were his thoughts from her thoughts. She hoped nothing, except that he would hear her patiently when she sought to exonerate herself from the charge of inconstancy, or any flagrant wrong against him; hear her while she told him the true history of her acquaintance with Lord Paulyn; hear and believe her, and carry away with him at least the memory of a woman who had loved him dearly, and had never wronged him by so much as a thought.

And then they would shake hands calmly, and he would give her his blessing, the blessing of a possible saint and martyr; and so he would fade forever from her bodily eyes, leaving only that image of him which she must carry in her heart to the grave.

"I have no pride where he is concerned," she thought, as she paused to consider how vast an outrage against the conventionalities she was about to perpetrate; "no more pride than Madame de Chantel had in her relations with Francis de Sales."

The up train by which most London-bound travelers of the superior or first-class rank were accustomed to depart from Hawleigh was a nine-o'clock express. She thought it more than probable that Mr. Forde would go to London as the preliminary stage of his journey, and it was just possible that he might go by that train. If she called at his lodging at eight o'clock, she would secure her desired interview; she knew his early habits, and that he had generally breakfasted and begun his day's work by that hour. Of what Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, might say about this untimely visit, she thought nothing, being indeed, at all times, too impetuous for profound consideration of consequences.

She dressed herself quietly while Blanche was still asleep. They had a slip of a bath-room, converted from the oratory of some mediæval châtelaine, on one side of their tower; here Elizabeth made her toilet, and then crept softly out of the bed-chamber without awakening her sister from halcyon dreams of new curates yet hidden behind the curtain of fate. She went down the narrow winding stair, and out by the lobby door, unseen by so much as a servant, and walked, by field paths and lanes that skirted the town, toward the tranquil domicile of Mr. Humphreys. She recalled that other summer morning nearly a year ago—good heavens, what a long year!—when she had gone by the same road to make the same kind of unauthorized visit, half in sport and half in earnest, defiant, reckless, eager to do something that would bring light and color into her monotonous life, and desperately in love with the man she pretended to hold so lightly. Then she had gone to him with a proud sense of her power to conquer and bring him to her feet, as she had sworn to do the night before in the passion of wounded pride. Now she went humbled to the dust, convinced of her insignificance in the plan of his life; only anxious that he should not go away thinking worse of her than she deserved.

The street-door of the Humphreys' abode—radiant in the splendor of newly polished brass plate and handle—was standing open as she approached. Mrs. Humphreys, engaged in conference with the butcher, occupied the threshold, and paused from her discourse with an astonished air at seeing Miss Luttrell.

That air, that look of surprise, awakened the girl to a sense of the singularity of her untimely visit, the peril of petty gossip and small rustic scandal in which she stood. She made a feeble attempt to protect herself from this hazard.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Humphreys," she said, with a friendly air. "I have been for a before-breakfast walk round by the common. It is so nice after London. I have a message for Mr. Forde from papa. Do you think he would come down stairs for a few minutes and hear all about it? I know he is a very early riser."

"Oh, Miss Luttrell, what a pity! leastways if it's any thing very particular. Mr. Forde went away by the mail-train last night."

"He went last night!" Elizabeth repeated, helplessly.

"Yes, miss. It wasn't like him to travel of a Sunday evening—after that moving sermon, too; there wasn't a dry eye in the church, I do believe. But the ship he sails in—the *Columbius*—leaves Liverpool this afternoon, and there was no help for it. I do hope he'll have nice weather, poor dear gentleman!" added Mrs. Humphreys, with a hopeful air, as if he had been about to cross the Straits of Dover.

This was a death-blow. He had gone away, and carried with him to the other end of the world the conviction of her faithlessness.

She went slowly homeward, wondering vaguely what she should do with the remnant of her life; how was she to live on for an indefinite number of years, and eat and drink and sleep, and pretend to be happy, now that he had vanished out of her existence forever. Then a new anger against him was slowly kindled in her breast. How could he have been so hard, so cruel, as to leave her thus, without one last word of compassion and forgiveness, without a line of farewell?

"He saw me in the church last night," she thought, "and yet could leave without one touch of pity. He can boast of the grandeur of his own prospects, the splendor of his own hopes, and he has not one thought for my broken life; he cares nothing what becomes of me."

She brooded over this unkindness with deep resentment. What right had he to take possession of her soul, and then cast her off coldly to this "beggarly divorcement?"

"What does he imagine will become of me?" she said to herself. "I suppose he thinks I shall marry Lord Paulyn in spite of his warning, and be miserable forever afterward. Or does he think I shall repent my sins and join some Protestant sisterhood, or die broken-hearted because of his unkindness? Oh, if I could only die! He might be sorry, perhaps, for that, if the news of my death ever reached his distant world, or if he were to come back to this place some day and find my grave in the church-yard, and discover at last that I loved him well enough to die of his desertion."

Book the Third.

CHAPTER I.

"I am weary of my part.
My torch is out, and the world stands before me
Like a black desert."

Thrice has the corn ripened on the hill-sides and in the valleys round Hawleigh; thrice have come and gone all the pleasant sights and sweet sounds of summer—dog-roses blooming out their bright, brief life in the tangled hedge-rows; honeysuckle scenting the mild air of early autumn, and lingering late as if loath to leave the earth it adorned. Thrice have come the snows and rains and general discomforts of winter—the conventional jovialities of Christmas, church decorations, charity dinners, infant-school festivities, the annual cakes and ale, the slow-going Lent while the chilly new-fledged spring flutters its weak wings timidly, like a tender bird too soon expelled from its nest into a bleak world. All the seasons, with their unvarying duties—the same things to be done over and over again every year—have come and gone three times, and still Gertrude trudges to and fro among her poor, scattering leaflets of consolation in the shape of small gray-paper-covered tracts; and still Diana embroiders a little and sketches a little, and yawns and indulges her constitutional headache a great deal, and laments languidly that the Luttrells are not a particularly fortunate family; and still Blanche, the pert and lively, demands of the unanswering skies when Providence is going to do something for the Luttrells.

There have been changes, however, at Hawleigh. One, a dismal change from the warmth and brightness of a comfortable easy-going life to the darkness and blankness of the grave. That good easy man, Wilmot Luttrell, has slipped out of existence almost as easily as he slipped through it. His daughters found him in his study one dark November morning, two years ago, stricken with paralysis and a partial death, from which he was never to recover. He lingered long in this doubtful state, helpless, patient, mild as he had ever been; was tenderly nursed by the four girls, who had at least agreed in loving their father dearly at the last—had lingered and been conscious of their love and care, until a second stroke made all a blank. From this he never revived, but expired in that dull sleep, unconscious of the end; so closing a life which had been as gentle and harmless as a child's.

This loss—a profound affliction itself—was made all the heavier by the fact that it left the four girls a difficult problem to solve in the one all-important question how they were to live. The entire fortune which their father left behind him amounted to about three hundred a year, exclusive of the Vicarage furniture, which, in its decrepitude and shabbiness, may have been worth something less than a hundred pounds, and the Vicarage plate worth a hundred more. With this income and these belongings the girls had to begin life for themselves. Aunt Chevenix came to the rescue with an offer of a hundred a year from her own purse, and advised that Elizabeth should come to live with her, and the three other girls go abroad somewhere, say Brussels or the south of France, where they could live genteelly and improve their minds, thereby escaping the loss of caste involved in any alteration of their style of living at Hawleigh. But to this they all objected. Elizabeth thanked her aunt for the offer of a home in Eaton Place, but preferred to remain where she was. "You would soon be tired of me," she wrote, "when you discovered how dreary a companion I now am. And forgive me for saying it, auntie, but your house was unlucky to me. I could not re-enter it without a feeling of horror."

Gertrude expressed her gratitude somewhat stiffly; declined to entertain the idea of life-long banishment for the sake of gentility; hoped that she could more profitably improve her mind by the performance of her duties at Hawleigh than by the cultivation of any new accomplishments at Brussels or Lyons; was not ashamed of any diminution of style or luxury which their altered circumstances might call for; thanked Heaven she could live as contentedly beneath the humblest roof as beneath the loftiest; and farther informed her aunt that, with the consent of her sisters, she had decided on taking one of the small semi-detached villas, with bay-windows and nice little gardens, in the Boroughbridge road. The furniture from the Vicarage, such of it as was adapted to this new abode, they would retain; also the tea-kettle, which was so touching a memorial of all they had lost.

Mrs. Chevenix shuddered as she read these two letters. Her nieces in a semi-detached villa, at thirty-five pounds a year, in a row of other semi-detached villas of the same pattern. What a change from the fine old Vicarage, with its ins and outs and ups and downs; sunny bow-windows, magnolia and myrtle shrouded walls; its quaint old tower, everlasting memorial of ancient splendor; its wide flower garden and grassy orchard, sloping to the setting sun! What a change! And Gertrude wrote of it as coolly as if it were nothing.

"I think my poor brother might have left *me* the tea-kettle," she thought; "it would have been very useful for afternoon tea, and it would have gone back to the girls afterward."

She pondered upon Elizabeth's letter with a deep sigh.

"Yes," she said, "it is nothing but the truth; the girl is sadly changed. I hardly know if I should be able to do any thing for her now. All her animation is gone; and she has acquired a proud, reserved manner that would repel any one who was ever so much inclined to admire her. She is handsome still; but she certainly has contrived to render herself as unattractive as it is possible for a handsome young woman to be. Did ever any girl throw away such chances as she has had?"

This meditation was the result of a retrospective glance at affairs during Mrs. Chevenix's last visit to Hawleigh, in the autumn before her brother's death. Lord Paulyn had been at Ashcombe during that time, and had come frequently to the Vicarage, and done his best to renew his old intimacy with Elizabeth Luttrell. But to all these friendly endeavors the girl had opposed a dead blank wall of coldness and reserve. It was in vain for the wily matron to soothe and argue. The young man answered her with smothered anger.

"There's no use in talking nonsense, Mrs. Chevenix," he said; "she has not forgotten that parson fellow yet, and I suppose she never means to forget him. What a pity you didn't let her have her own way and go out with him, and devote herself to the evangelization of South-Sea Islanders! I wish with all my heart she had gone; for then I couldn't have made a fool of myself hanging about here, and exposing myself to the sneers of Hilda Disney and my mother."

"I can not see that the affair is any business of Miss Disney's," Mrs. Chevenix remarked, with some hauteur. How dared that dependent young person to cross the woof of her schemes!

"Miss Disney has so little business of her own that she's obliged to think of somebody else's," replied the Viscount, moodily. "Why don't you bring her to London, ma'am?"—meaning Elizabeth, and not Miss Disney. "You might cure her of this wretched infatuation there. I suppose she has the fellow's photograph, and kisses and cries over it every night."

"She has a great deal too much self-respect for that kind of thing," said Mrs. Chevenix, as if she had been inside Elizabeth's brain, and inspected its cellular arrangements from the topmost arch of the cerebrum to the base of the cerebellum.

It is possible that this suggestion of Lord Paulyn's may have had some influence with Mrs. Chevenix when she offered Elizabeth a permanent shelter in Eaton Place. That offer being rejected, she could only shrug her shoulders and resign herself to circumstances. The luxurious ease of her own existence, the scent-bottle and green fan, made a powerful armor against the slings and arrows of other people's bad fortune. If her favorite niece preferred obscure poverty to rank and wealth, she must needs indulge her humor.

"After all, it makes no real difference to me," she said to herself. "I only lose the indirect advantage of connection with the peerage. Such an alliance must have given me the *entrée* to the very best society; and I feel that I could have been of the greatest use to a young woman suddenly elevated to such a position. But it is idle to regret the decrees of Providence."

So Mrs. Chevenix resigned herself to the inevitable, thanked Heaven that she possessed a good cook and a faultless dress-maker, and went her way calmly rejoicing, knowing no weariness of that unvarying round of tea-drinkings and dinner-eatings and at-homes which she called good society. But she seldom omitted to search her *Morning Post* for any small record of Lord Paulyn's existence that might perchance adorn its columns, and she even went so far as to subscribe to a fashionable sporting newspaper which was more frequently graced by his lordship's name.

Life seemed new and strange to Elizabeth in the semi-detached villa on the Boroughbridge road, strange with a bitter strangeness. A lofty soul should be, doubtless, independent of its earthly dwelling-place. "My mind to me a kingdom is;" "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Very noble sentiments in their way, but not given to the common herd of humanity. Elizabeth's soul was not so lofty as to rise superior to the influences of her habitation. She felt the change of tenement sorely, felt like some lost creature in the square bandboxical rooms, the prim narrow passage with its pert gas-lamp, the steep straight stairs smelling of copal varnish; almost as ill at ease as some wild denizen of the forest that has been shifted from the vast cavern where he roamed and rolled at large to some straitened den in a zoological garden.

And the Vicarage furniture—objects which, from old association, these girls loved dearly—how mean and shabby and woe-begone that poor old furniture looked in the new smart rooms, with their cheap modern paper-hanging, and trumpery cornices, and sprawling plaster roses in the centre of their ceilings! The old cracked Chelsea shepherd and shepherdess, which had seemed the natural ornaments of the tall narrow wooden mantel-shelf in the Vicarage drawing-room, had the forlornest air upon the polished marble slab in the new house. Diana's grand piano filled the small back drawing-room, the big old cane-seated sofa blocked the bay-window in the front drawing-room. Nothing fitted into an embrasure, or adapted itself to the shape of the rooms; and it was only when Gertrude brought that inestimable quality which she called her common-sense, and which Blanche called her domineering way, to bear upon the subject, and by banishing this article and shifting the other, reduced the rooms to something like order, that they became simply habitable. Graceful, or elegant, or picturesque they never would be. Had the new tenants been able to buy bright modern furniture, on a toy-shop scale, they might have indued the rooms with a certain doll's-house prettiness; but the salvage from the Vicarage looked what it was, the poor remnant of departed fortune.

There was a room down stairs, under the back drawing-room, half sunk in the earth, but provided with a small bay-window, a sham marble mantel-piece, and described by the house agent as a breakfast-room. This the Misses Luttrell made their refectory.

"Of course in a decent house it would be the housekeeper's room," said Blanche, the day she first dined in this earthy chamber. "I shall always feel as if we were cheating the servants out of their natural rights by occupying it."

Thus began their new lives. Every one called upon them, and admired their new abode, and discussed the new vicar, and sympathized and approved and consoled. And Gertrude pronounced with satisfaction that their social status remained firm as a rock. They had two servants, an irreproachable parlor-maid, who was never seen without a starched muslin apron, and every thing was done in the nicest manner. They had a garden which might have been covered by a good-sized Turkey carpet, but which was laid out in the last approved style; flower beds of the tessellated-pavement pattern; scrolls and parallelograms, and open-tart designs done in plants of the houseleek and mouse-ear tribes; jam-tart patterns in scarlet geranium and brown leafage, lobelia and petunia after the manner of the Duchess of Wiltshire's parterre at the cottage near Haverstock. It is astonishing what great effects may be produced in the area of a Turkey carpet by a young lady of Gertrude Luttrell's temperament.

"There is no one more ready to make sacri-

fices," she said, complacently. "But whatever I have must be of the best."

To say that Elizabeth lived in this circumscribed home would be to say too much. She existed—as toads have been believed to exist locked in marble, or comfortably niched in a block of coal. Yet not so patiently as these quiescent reptiles did she bear her fate. Her lips were mute, it is true, for she had a scornful impatience of sisterly consolation, but her soul complained perpetually. Like Job, she remonstrated with her Maker, and demanded why she was not permitted to die. All the anguish of this slow dull year had not been enough even to undermine her vigorous young life. There was scarcely the depression of a muscle in the firm round white arms, no cavernous hollows spoiled her oval cheeks. She was paler than of old; that fugitive color which had come and gone in such flashes of brightness two years ago was rarely seen now; her eyelids had a heavy look that hinted of sleepless nights; but these were all the outward changes that had been wrought by Malcolm Forde's abandonment and her father's death.

"I never could have believed I loved my father so much," she said to herself, sadly, one dismal December afternoon, when she had taken a lonely walk as far as the road before the Vicarage, and had seen the fire-glow shining through the old-fashioned casement of her father's study. She had stood for a little while looking across the lawn at that cheery glow, with an aching heart, a heart that seemed to ache from very emptiness.

"My little world has vanished like a dream," she thought; "the waters have swept over it, and left me standing on a barren rock in a great pathless sea. If I could only die, like papa, and make an end of it!"

Among those pleasing testimonies of the world's esteem which were offered to the sisters at this sad juncture was a ceremonious call from Lady Paulyn and Hilda Disney. The two ladies drove over from Ashcombe one afternoon in the ancient chariot, conducted by a postilion who had the aspect of a farm-laborer in disguise, but at the same time looked more imposing than a coachman.

Hilda had her customary air of lady-like indifference, but the dowager peered and pried, and expressed profoundest interest in the affairs of the four sisters.

"And you really think of remaining in this pretty little house," she said, with a gracious wonder, peering at them keenly from under her shaggy old eyebrows all the while, and peering especially at Elizabeth. "Do you know I'm rather surprised at that. I should have thought this poky old town would have been insufferable to you all after your loss, and that some nice place abroad would have suited you better, where you could have had a little pleasant English society in the nice, inexpensive Continental style: Bruges, for instance, or Courtrai. I've heard there are English people at both those towns—or Dijon, or some retired little German town where things are cheap."

"I have duties and pleasures at Hawleigh which I could never have in a Roman Catholic town," said Gertrude.

"There seems to be a prevailing idea that transportation for life is the only remedy for our grief," said Elizabeth, not a little contemptuously. "I wonder our friends don't suggest Norfolk Island or Botany Bay at once. Or, since transportation is abolished, the government ought to erect a special building at Portland or Dartmoor for young women who are left alone in the world."

The dowager vouchsafed no notice of these impertinent observations in the way of speech, but she gave Elizabeth a look from beneath those bristling penthouses which was not one of supreme affection.

"You haven't asked after my son, Miss Luttrell," she said, turning sharply upon Gertrude, after rather an awkward pause, during which Miss Disney had looked straight out of the window with an absent air, as if she had been assisting at a visit to cottagers in whose spiritual or temporal welfare she had no personal interest.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Gertrude, confused by this sharp attack. "I hope Lord Paulyn is well."

"He is very well, and I hope he is on the high-road to being very happy."

Blanche, having nothing particular to do, and not feeling herself called upon to sustain any part in the conversation, happened to be amusing herself by the contemplation of Miss Disney. She saw the fair, cold face flush, and the thin lips contract themselves ever so little at this moment.

"I suppose that means that he is going to be married," said Diana, "if one may be allowed to hazard a guess."

"How quick you young ladies are when marriage is in question!" replied the dowager, graciously. "Yes, I have every reason to hope that Reginald has at last made up his mind to settle. It will be such a happiness to me if he can only be induced to give up that horrid racing-stud, his place near Newmarket, and his dreadfully expensive stables in Yorkshire; but if he *can't* be persuaded to so wise a step, he will at any rate be better able to afford to ruin himself. The young lady to whom he is almost engaged is one of the richest heiresses in England. She has not rank, I admit; but the oppression of the income tax has long ago stamped out my conservative proclivities. I have no prejudices, Miss Luttrell, and can appreciate the grandeur of position attained by a man who began life by wheeling barrows, and could now write a check for a hundred thousand pounds without feeling himself any poorer when it had been cleared. That is what I call true nobility."

"The barrows or the check-book, Lady Paulyn?" asked Elizabeth.

"The upward progress from one point to the other," replied the dowager, with dignity. "I am told that Mr. Ramsay, the great contractor, eats pease with his knife, and is somewhat the slave of habit in the matter of not cleaning his nails. But I hope I have a soul above such trivialities. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to welcome Mr. Ramsay's only child as my daughter."

Having made this announcement, and even deigned to refresh herself with macaroons and cherry brandy (made two summers ago with the dear old Vicarage cherries from the orchard Elizabeth loved), Lady Paulyn departed. But not before she had again expressed her wonder that the Misses Luttrell should prefer Hawleigh to a delightful Belgian town, with canals and stiff little avenues, where they might pace to and fro, and sit on benches, unjostled by any vulgar crowd, or such a place as Dijon, which must surely be a most agreeable town for English residents, since the very name had quite a romantic sound. The dowager lingered so long to discuss these points after she had risen to take her departure that it was dusk when the chariot went jingling off, to the delight of the adjacent villas.

"It was really very good of her to come," said Gertrude, watching the departing equipage complacently from the bay-window. "What a noise that postilion makes! It is a satisfaction to let our new neighbors see we are on visiting terms with the best county people. I trust I am above attaching an undue value to such things; but I do not pretend to be ignorant of their influence."

"HE WENT LAST NIGHT."

"Good of her, indeed!" cried Blanche, indignantly. "Horrid old thing! Any body could see that she came to crow over Lizzie. Wicked old she-miser! I do verily believe she would like her son to marry the only daughter of Beelzebub if she had plenty of money."

"What a pity you didn't marry him when you had the opportunity, and keep mamma's pearl necklace, Lizzie!" Diana said, with a yawn. "It would have been advancement for all of us. And here we are screwed up for life, I suppose, in this poky little house, instead of having the run of half a dozen splendid places.—Ring for tea, Blanche, please. If it were not for the comfort of our early cup of tea, I should be almost tired of life."

"Almost tired! I have hardly ever ceased to be tired of it since I was seventeen," exclaimed Elizabeth, with infinite scorn.

"Only for one brief bright summer-time of love and hope," she thought, by way of rider to that contemptuous speech.

She was silent for the rest of that evening, sitting idle in a shadowy corner apart, while the other three clustered round the lamp; Diana and Blanche engaged in elaborate fancy-work, which gave occasion for perpetual discussions about point de Venise, and Sorrento bars; Gertrude involved in a pious biography, from which she read stray passages now and then for the deification of her sisters. It was not a lively evening, any more than the rest of the evenings which these young women spent together in the unfamiliar drawing-room, with its lingering odor of size and plaster of Paris; but their manner of life seemed to Elizabeth just a little more dreary than usual to-night.

She was meditating upon all she had lost—in love and ambition alike bankrupt; of all the dreams that she had dreamed, from her early visions of pomp and pleasure with some unknown being who should arise out of space, like King Cophetua, at the right moment, and lift her up to the high places of the earth, to her later and more womanly dream of sweet sacrifices made for the man she loved. And she had lost all. Of these much-cherished dreams there had come no fulfillment; and being older and wiser now, and having lost the faculty of dreaming, there was nothing left her but the dull realities of the waking world as represented by a trim little newly built villa in the Borough-bridge road.

"If I had been wiser, I suppose I should have fallen back upon my old ideas of life when Malcolm Forde flung me off, and married Lord Paulyn," she thought. "A word would have brought him back to me. But now even that miserable alternative is lost, and there is nothing left for me but life for ever and ever shut up in this narrow den with my sisters. I might go and live with Aunt Chevenix, certainly; but that would be just a little worse. I have lost all taste for the kind of society my aunt is so fond of, and I should have less liberty there than I have here."

She thought a good deal about Lord Paulyn that night—not so much of him individually as of all that he could have given her—the grandeur, the independence, the power; that strong wine of pleasure which, if not happiness, was at least intoxication; that ideal existence among beautiful scenes, or surrounded with all the graces of art and luxury, the very dream of which had been fair enough to brighten her life in days gone by. He had offered her all these things, and she had rejected them, without a pang, for the love of Malcolm Forde.

"And how noble a return he made me for my constancy!" she thought, bitterly, with more anger against her lost lover than she had felt for a long time.

After this, she thought very often about the brilliant position she had rejected, and for the first time thought of it with a vague regret. It was in her nature to hold a treasure lightly so long as it lay at her feet, and to appreciate it when it was lost to her. She had scorned the idea of a marriage with Lord Paulyn, while that faithful admirer had shown himself eager and devoted. She wondered a little at her own foolishness now that he was about to unite himself with some one else.

There may have been more excuse, perhaps, for these sordid thoughts in the joylessness of her present existence. Her life was so utterly barren—every morning the beginning of a day which must needs be the repetition of yesterday—the to-morrows stretching before her blank as the pages of an unused memorandum-book.

It is true that she might have occupied herself, like Gertrude, in visiting the sick and poor, since she was gifted with the power of winning their confidence and even their affection. But she avoided this natural resource of lonely spinsterhood with an obstinate aversion. What! go among these people whom she had served for *his* sake? Ally herself with the last new curate—a thin pale-faced slip of a man with sandy whiskers? Descend to all the trivialities of the district-visiting community now that *his* godlike form no longer moved among that common herd? This was what she could not do.

Even the grave old churches, in which she had sat from her youth upward, were distasteful to her. Their aspect reminded her too keenly of all she had lost—the good harmless father, the lover she had loved so madly. She seemed to hear the echoes of voices that sounded in those stony aisles no more.

The new vicar was a pompous red-faced man, who very rarely fatigued himself with the litany or lessons, and who read the communion service in a fat voice, as if he had taken the ten commandments under his especial protection, and preached sermons on abstruse doctrinal points over the heads of his flock. The vicar's wife was young and fashionable, and put the simple Hawleigh folks to shame by the elegance of her attire. She had essayed to patronize the Misses Luttrell, and had told them about the changes she meant to make by-and-by in that dreadful barn, the Vicarage, and had congratulated them on their transference from that ancient tenement to a modern habitation. Diana and this lady got on very well together, but between the vicaress and Elizabeth there prevailed a quiet antipathy.

It was doubtless her own fault that Elizabeth was lonely. Her sisters had their little batches of dear friends, and visited a good deal in a quiet way soon after their father's death, and entertained their acquaintance with afternoon tea; but Elizabeth's soul rebelled against this humdrum sociality; her footsteps refused to tread this beaten track of every-day provincial life. She preferred lonely wanderings in the very teeth of January's northeasters, on the common and in the familiar lanes where she had walked so joyously with her lover in the brief, sweet days of courtship.

If she had cherished the faintest hope of his return to her, she might have been patient, she might have endured the weariness of the present, cheered by a fair vision of the future. But she deluded herself with no such hope. She had, on the contrary, a settled conviction that, once having put his hand to the plow, for Malcolm Forde there would be no turning backward. She had lured him for a little while out of his chosen path; but having broken loose from her feeble snare, he was the very last of men to return to the net.

"He was always sorry that he loved me," she thought, "and there was a look of rapture on his face when he preached his farewell sermon, like the joy of a man who has escaped from a great peril."

They heard no more of Lord Paulyn's approaching marriage, standing almost alone, so far as Hawleigh proper went, in the proud privilege of the dowager's acquaintance; but Gertrude and Diana were not slow to retail the news in their morning calls and five-o'clock teas. Miss Ramsay and her possessions were enlarged upon—the husbands and brothers referred to as authorities upon the commercial world—every one having his pet theory as to which Ramsay was the great Ramsay who had begun by wheeling barrows, one party clinging tenaciously to a certain Peter Ramsay, Son, and Bilge, in the shipping line, and another pinning its faith to Alexander Ramsay, the great contractor. Fashionable newspapers were watched, but shed no light upon the subject, nor did the local journals give tongue.

"I don't believe there's a syllable of truth in the whole story," exclaimed the outspoken Blanche, during one of these discussions, from which Elizabeth was absent. "I dare say it's all that nasty old woman's invention. Lord Paulyn was desperately in love with my sister Lizzie, and made her ever so many offers. And she, wicked old thing, wants us all to go and bury ourselves in some dead-and-alive Belgian town, where we should be driven mad by the carillon ringing every half hour from the rickety old church towers."

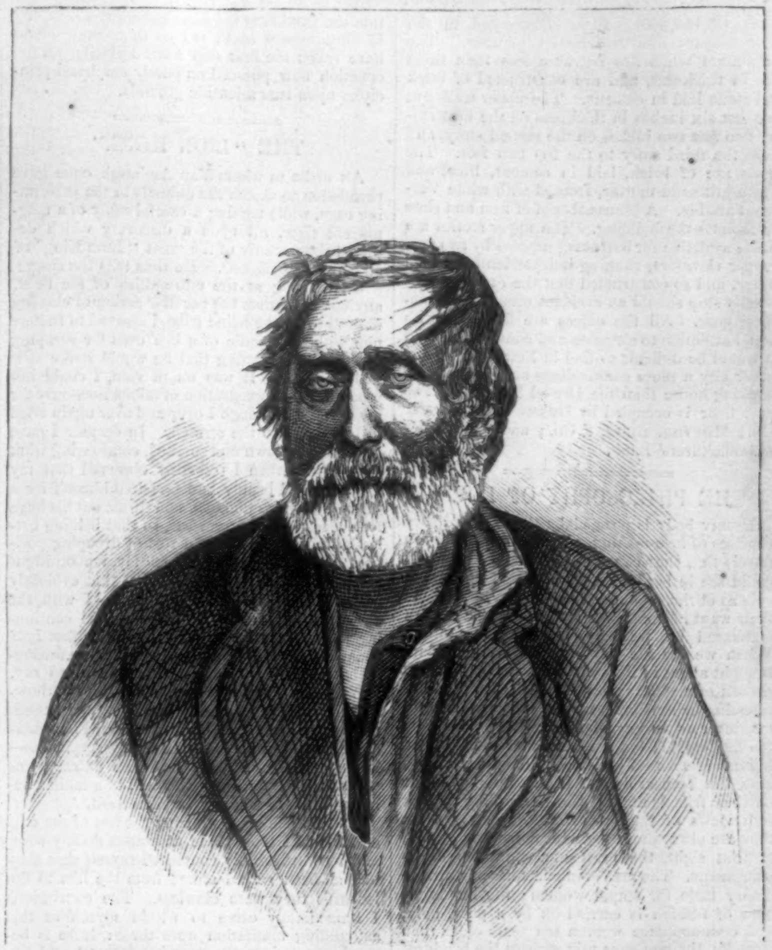
Miss Luttrell reproved her sister severely for the impropriety of these remarks, and the company generally looked incredulous. It was not to be supposed that any reasonable being would believe in Elizabeth's rejection of the lord of Ashcombe. He might have hung about her a good deal—compromising her by his attentions, to the rupture of that foolish engagement with dear Mr. Forde; but to suppose that he had laid his coronet at her feet—that he had said to her, "Be mistress of Ashcombe, in Devon, and Harberry Castle, in Yorkshire, the Grange, near Newmarket, and the old family mansion in St. James's Square," and that she had deliberately rejected him—to believe this was too much for the imaginative power of Hawleigh.

Yet the day came before very long when the eyes of Hawleigh were opened, and the eyebrows of Hawleigh lifted in surpassing wonder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOSTON FIRE—WASHINGTON STREET, LOOKING SOUTH, WITH RUINS OF THE CHICKERING BUILDING AND GLOBE THEATRE ON THE LEFT.
FROM A SKETCH BY J. J. HARLEY.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

GEORGE W. MATSELL, SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.—[PHOT. BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.]



BENDER, THE KANSAS MURDERER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. F. KILBORN, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.]

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM MATSELL, our new Superintendent of Police, is a native of England, where he was born in 1806. He came to this country with his parents when six years of age, and while still quite young became a clerk in a bookseller's store. Here he acquired a thorough knowledge of the business, and after a while invested his savings in a bookstore of his own at Chatham and Pearl streets, where he remained for about ten years. In the interval he became a member of a political club, and acquired sufficient influence to be elected a police justice, sitting at the Tombs Police Court.

In 1844 the new Municipal Police was organized, to take the place of the wretched village system prevailing up to that time, and Mayor HAVEMEYER, whose first choice for Superintendent of the new force was not confirmed, nominated Mr. MATSELL for the position, and he was at once confirmed by both boards of Aldermen. He held the position for thirteen years. The chief police events with which he had to deal were the Astor Place riot and the disturbances which generally disgraced the city on election days. The police force was still inefficient, the Aldermen having the appointment of the men, and filling the ranks with their political friends and dependents.

In 1857 the Metropolitan Police act was passed by the State Legislature, consolidating the police departments of the counties of New York, Kings, Richmond, and Westchester. FERNANDO WOOD, then Mayor of New York, and Mr. MATSELL refused to obey the new law, and their resistance led to the lamentable conflict of June 16, 1857, between the old and the new force, in which several of the latter were fatally wounded, when the timely appearance of the Seventh regiment on the scene of action was all that prevented the struggle from assuming more alarming proportions. On the following day the Metropolitan Police Commissioners ordered Superintendent MATSELL to appear before them at the new Police Head-quarters, and upon his disobeying the order he was tried for the offense, and dismissed the Department. The Commissioners then appointed FREDERICK W. TALLMADGE Superintendent of Police. The hopelessness of the conflict soon became apparent to Mayor WOOD, and the authority of the new Commissioners was firmly established.

Mr. MATSELL now finds himself again in his old position. Though sixty-seven years old, he is still vigorous and energetic. No municipal officer holds a more important or more responsible position, and that he may fill it creditably is the hope of all good citizens.

THE DREXEL BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE KANSAS MURDERS.

ON Sunday evening, the 25th of May, the Police Marshal at Ely Station, Iowa, arrested an old man whose appearance identified him, to the satisfaction of the Marshal, with the murderer BENDER, of whose atrocities a full account was given in the last number of the *Weekly*. The man was sullen and reticent, and it was with great difficulty that he was forced to sit for a photograph. The police authorities who have him under arrest have not the slightest doubt of his identity, his appearance tallying in every particular with the description of BENDER received by them from Kansas. No other members of the family have yet been arrested, and there seems to be no clew to the direction in which they have fled.

THE DREXEL BUILDING.

THIS splendid structure, which was occupied on the 1st of May, was constructed from designs by the well-known architect, Mr. ARTHUR GILMAN, of this city. It extends 107 feet 10 inches on Wall Street, and 102 feet 10 inches on Broad Street, with a short side at the junction of 13 feet 6 inches. The depth of the building is 82 feet on the south line, and 75 feet on the east line, making on the ground-plan almost a square. It includes a deep cellar, a basement, and seven stories above, making a total height from the level of the sidewalk to the highest point of about 112 feet.

The ground for the site, with the buildings thereon, was purchased early last year, and at noon on May 1 a force of about six hundred workmen commenced the demolition of the old buildings. For two weeks they were busy day and night, until the site was cleared. The amount paid for the ground and the buildings was $995,000; the new building cost about $500,000, making an aggregate cost of

about $1,495,000. It is constructed in the most elegant and substantial manner. The foundation walls are nowhere less than three feet in thickness, and are constructed of brick and stone laid in cement. The upper walls are two feet six inches in thickness on the first story, two feet two inches on the second story, and from the third story to the top two feet. The walls are of brick, laid in cement, lime, and sharp-grit sand mortar, fronted with white Vermont marble. A Mansard-roof of iron and slate surmounts the building. The upper stories are made available for business purposes by two passenger elevators, running independently of each other, and so constructed that the car would instantly stop should an accident occur to the running gear. All the offices are fitted up with equal attention to elegance and convenience, and it would be difficult to find in New York or any other city a more commodious and magnificent banking house than the Drexel Building. The first floor is occupied by DREXEL, MORGAN, & CO.; MORTON, BLISS, & CO.; and the Leather Manufacturers' Bank.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

EVERY body is puzzled by the extraordinary caprices of love-making. The ladies who say in novels th... they can not understand "what he could see in her" are generally held up to ridicule as obviously blinded by jealousy. And yet their want of perception is not only sincere, but is shared by perfectly impartial spectators. When we see the way in which marriages are brought about in the world, we wonder that the pursuit of match-making should be found so interesting by amiable persons. Of course match-making as a variety of fortune-hunting is only too intelligible; but there is a match-making of a much less sordid variety. All amiable women take the keenest delight in attempting to pair off their friends and relations according to their own views of the fitness of things. And yet they are always meeting with the strangest and, at first sight, the most unaccountable disappointments. The man of intellect has an extraordinary taste for stupid women; the handsome man of fashion is carried off by a poor, ugly, and commonplace woman ten years older than himself; the pompous prig secures the brightest and liveliest of her sex; fox-hunters attract poetesses, and poets marry wives who can do nothing but mend their shirts. Such strange contrasts have led to the development of the plausible theory that people are attracted rather by qualities complementary than by qualities similar to their own. This doctrine, however, fails by being too comprehensive. We must admit that like often attracts like; and if we add that like also attracts unlike, we have a theory which explains nothing because it explains every thing. Every match that ever was or ever will be made may be brought under one category or the other; but until we can give some reason for telling beforehand which set of causes is likely to be operative in a given case we are no nearer an explanation than we were before. The only general rule at which we have been enabled to arrive by experience is the rather discouraging one that people whom we like always marry people whom we dislike. Friends seem to have a perverse delight in forming new combinations which may be as discordant as possible with their ancient ties. We do not, however, see our way to erecting any philosophical theory upon this experience, unless as it goes to illustrate Artemus Ward's doctrine of the "cussedness" of things in general.

The philosopher has yet to arise who will be able to tell us from the inspection of a young lady or gentleman what will be the character of his or her future partner. Mere contiguity is very often a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. A man and woman brought together in Robinson Crusoe's island would almost inevitably fall in love, however unpromising their characters might be. And though a city is very unlike a desert island, there are frequently situations, even in the most crowded societies, where conditions substantially similar are reproduced. There are circumstances under which it would be almost a breach of good manners not to indulge in a little flirtation. A human being has such a variety of strong feelings in a state of solution that any object will be sufficient to determine their crystallization. This is, indeed, the primary axiom on the subject. We have all a vast amount of disposable emotion; we all long to admire and to be admired; we are grateful for compliments; we wish to have something to call our own; we want our sentiment to be confirmed by sympathy—and therefore, when once any accident has, so to speak, drawn the sluices, a whole torrent of emotion rushes into the channel provided for it, and we attribute to the one external and assignable cause what really results from our own states of feeling. Because a particular match has exploded the magazine, we absurdly argue that no other match would have done equally well. We set up the first idol that comes to hand, and suppose that its perfections are the sole cause of our worship, when, in fact, the desire to worship something has prepared us to prostrate ourselves before any shrine that offers itself. Love being a compound of so many forces, any one which is set in action draws all the rest after it by the principle of association. But all this does not answer the question as to how our choice is first determined. A young gentleman in a large city may see some hundreds of young ladies before he is brought down by one who is perhaps among the least apparently attractive of the whole number. That is the puzzle which is constantly recurring, and a solution of it would be of immense value to all match-makers, whether of the loftier or the baser variety. What is the most promising method of attack? Which of all the causes that may precipitate the passion is the most generally available? If philosophers could tell us that, they would have taken the first step toward placing an occupation now pursued on purely empirical principles upon true scientific grounds.

THE "LION KING."

AN artist to whom Van Amburgh once gave permission to sketch the animals in the performing cage, while making a careful study of a magnificent tiger, hit upon a discovery which deprived the memory of the great "Lion King" of all heroic associations. He thus tells the story:

On arriving at the extremities of the tiger, anxious to express the peculiar action of clawing natural to all the feline tribe, I essayed to irritate him with the handle of a hoe used for scraping out the dens, trusting that he would strike at it with his paw. It was all in vain, I could not procure the demonstration of talons necessary for my purpose, although I over and over again tried to bring him to the scratch. In despair I gave it up and sat down and smoked, considering what next to do, when I presently observed that my striped model beauty had prepared himself for a siesta, and in his *abandon* had thrust out his huge foot beneath the bottom bar, so that it hung listlessly on the outside, in a sort of drooping position. Softly, almost imperceptibly, smoothing it down with one hand—a sensation that evidently gave him pleasure and confidence—I with the other tenderly drew open his toes, still continuing the mesmeric movement. He at first half opened his terror-striking eyes, and gazed dozingly but inquiringly at me, as much as to say, "What are you going to do?" I did not, however, desist, but cautiously continued my examination; nor was I to be satisfied until I had thoroughly ascertained the truth of my suspicions—he had no claws. They had been extracted as you would extract the finger nail of a human being, and the toes afterward cauterized.

Upon carefully scrutinizing the feet of the other animals I soon made assurance doubly sure, and incontrovertibly convinced myself that they had all been served alike; from the lion to the leopards they were clawless. The conclusions I immediately came to within myself at this astounding mutilation were these: Here is beyond comparison the very handsomest and noblest collection of wild beasts ever seen together, tame, submissive, and tractable as domestic-bred animals, in most superb coat, fat as moles, and apparently as affectionate and grateful for kindness as would be the most intelligent and faithful of man's companions; the one great and accountable reason for this is that in themselves—their courage, their ferocity, and their savage natures—they are vanquished, annihilated, utterly undone and demoralized. Plundered of their weapons, offensive and defensive, their very heartstrings torn asunder, their quick, sensitive natures crushed out—cast off the rack, cowed, bleeding, benumbed, and incapable, to obey the will of their torturer. "Ah," I exclaimed, "poor beautiful pampered creatures, you are not what you seem; you are no longer lions and tigers, rulers of deserts and jungles; unhappy, miserable brutes, I pity you from my heart; nevertheless, in your low estate you are yet more admirable than man!"

On returning to the hotel, when alone with Van Amburgh I made a point of reciting to him my accidental discovery of his secret "ways and means" of obtaining his surprising supremacy. His embarrassment and confusion were at first profound and helpless, but to me, in my disgust, really enjoyable. Recovering himself, however, quickly, he rather violently exclaimed, "May I be ——!" (a national oath) "if you were to tell other folks of this, youngster, you would just ruin the consarn. You artists are too inquisitive. I wonder natur' stands to it, always prying into her bosom secrets. She'll revolutionize some day, I guess, and throw you. What could you want with their claws? Why, a tomcat's would have done you quite as well, I calculate, as my innocents." A volley of slang followed this repentance of his liberal free admission to his magnificent menagerie. When cooled down, he extracted from me a promise, as "a gentleman and man of honor," that I would never repeat what I had seen to any one, so long as he was performing. I have kept my word. This is the first time I have ever disclosed the excruciating process, the refined agony, and despicable cowardice by which Van Amburgh made himself a "Lion King!"

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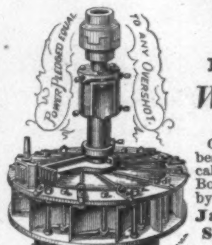

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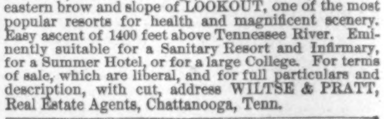

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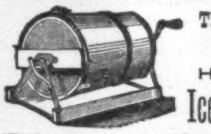

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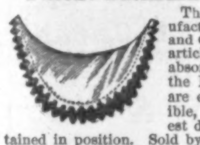

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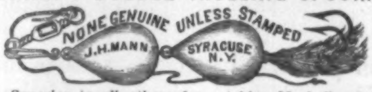

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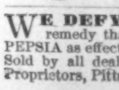

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Vol. V.

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Vol. VI.

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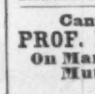

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AN ITALIAN FISHER-MAIDEN.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO MEYER.]

AN ITALIAN FISHER-MAIDEN.

HERE is a most charming young nymph of the sea-shore carrying a basket containing a couple of big fish and a very vicious-looking lobster. If such maidens abound along the shores of the Mediterranean, we should doubt whether housewives, with a prudent regard for household economy, are likely to often intrust their husbands with the business of purchasing the fish required for the family consumption, seeing that a bonnie lassie with such a pair of eyes and such a smile as this could extract almost any price she pleased from the susceptible heart of the male sex. But probably, like other pretty things, this girl is a rarity even in Italy, and would be less charming in reality than in the artist's idealization here presented.

MERMAIDS.

SAILORS and sea-side folk have always had a tendency to believe in mermaids. They see more varieties of fish and stranger forms of amphibia than landsmen; and, moreover, they enjoy marvelous stories about wonderful things. Classical writers tell us that the sirens were two maidens who sat by the sea, and so charmed with their music all who sailed by that the fascinated wayfarers remained on the spot till they died. The sirens (afterward increased to three in number, and called by various names) are supposed to have had much to do with mermaids—that is, people who believed in the one had no difficulty in believing in the other.

Tracing down, century after century, we find an abundance of mermaid stories, vouched for with all the gravity of genuine belief. In an old book descriptive of Holland the reader is told that in 1480 a tempest broke through the embankments of the low-lying districts, and covered much meadow and pasture land with water. Some maidens of the town of Edam, in West Friesland, going in a boat over the flooded land to milk their cows, perceived a mermaid entangled in the mud and shallow water. They took her into the boat, and brought her with them to Edam, dressed her in woman's apparel, and taught her to spin. She fed like one of them, but could not be brought to speak. Some time afterward she was brought to Haarlem, where she lived for several years, though still showing an inclination for the water. "They had given it," we are further informed, "some notion of a deity; and it made its reverences very devoutly whenever it passed by a crucifix." In 1560, on the west coast of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of a net "seven mermen and maids," which a Jesuit missionary certified to be veritable types of human beings—excepting, we suppose, in regard to fish-shaped tails. This tail question was, in the same century, settled in a peculiar manner by engravers and herald painters. Mermaids with two tails were often engraved in French and German books on heraldry; a double-tailed mermaid was engraved in a Swiss edition of Ptolemy's geography, published in 1540; and the Venetian printers had a liking for the same kind of symbol on their title-pages.

In 1701, according to Brand's description of the Orkney and Shetland islands, "A boat at the fishing drew her lines; and one of them, as

the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was with greater difficulty than the rest raised from the ground. But, when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water; upon which a creature like a mermaid presented itself at the side of the boat. It had the face, arms, breast, and shoulders of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back; but the nether part was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof. The two fishers who were in the boat being surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife and thrust it into her bosom, whereupon she cried, as they judged, 'Alas!' The hook giving way, she fell backward, and was no more seen; the hook, being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip." Brand did not see all this (indeed, most of the mermaid stories come second or third hand): the fishers told a bailie, to whom the boat belonged, the bailie told a lady, and the lady told Mr. Brand. The man who cruelly stabbed the poor mermaid was much troubled afterward. "He is now dead, and, as was observed, never prospered after this, but was haunted by an evil spirit in the appearance of an old man, who, as he thought, used to say unto him, 'Will ye do such a thing? Who killed the woman?' The other man then in the boat is yet alive in the isle of Burra." The man was certainly more like a brute than a fisherman, or he would not have drawn his knife for such a purpose; whether human or non-human, she would have been worth more to him alive than dead, even as an exhibition to villagers at a baubee a head.

In 1737, according to a Scottish magazine, the crew of a ship newly arrived in the Thames from the East Indies reported that in the island of Mauritius they had partaken of a mermaid, the flesh of which was a good deal like veal. The mermaid weighed three or four hundred-weight—rather a buxom specimen! The head was particularly large, and so were the features, which differed but little from those of a man or woman. The story tells of two of them, one with a beard four or five inches long, the other much more feminine. "When they are first taken," the narrator proceeds to say, "which is often on the ground, they cry and grieve with great sensibility." About the same time a story came from Vigo, in Spain, to the effect that some fishermen on that coast had caught a sort of merman, five feet and a half from head to foot. The head was like that of a goat, with a long beard and mustache, a black skin, somewhat hairy, a very long neck, short arms, hands longer and larger than they ought to be in proportion, and long fingers, with nails like claws, webbed toes, and a fin at the lower part of the back.

The magazines for 1775 gave an account of a mermaid which was captured in the Levant and brought to London. One of the learned periodicals gravely told its readers that the mermaid had the complexion and features of a European, like those of a young woman; that the eyes were light blue, the nose small and elegantly formed, the mouth small, the lips thin, "but the edges of them round like those of a codfish;" that the teeth were small, regular, and white; that the neck was well rounded, and that the ears were like those of the eel, "but placed like those of the human species, with gills for respiration, which appear like curls." There was no hair on the head, but "rolls, which at a distance might be mistaken for curls." There was a fin rising pyramidally from the temples, "forming a foretop like that of a lady's headdress." The bust was nearly like that of a young damsel, a proper orthodox mermaiden, but alas! all below the waist was exactly like a fish. Three sets of fins below the waist, one above the other, enabled her to swin. Finally, "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." The writer in the *Annual Register* probably did not see this mermaid, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* described as being only three feet high. It was afterward proved to be a cheat made from the skin of the angel-shark.

The present century, like its predecessors, has had its crop of mermaid stories, reappearing from time to time. In 1809 one of these strange beings made its appearance off the coast of Caithness, in Scotland. The particulars we have not at hand; but it happens to be on record by what channels the narrative reached the public. Two servant-girls and a boy saw something in the water, which they decided must be a mermaid; they mentioned it to Miss Mackey, who wrote of it to Mrs. Jones, who showed the letter to Sir John Sinclair, who showed it to a gentleman, who caused the statement to be inserted in a newspaper. The Philosophical Society brought these facts to light. Even so grave a publication as *Rees's Cyclopædia*, in 1819, said: "We have a well-attested account of a merman near the great rock called Diamond on the coast of Martinique. The persons who saw it gave a precise description of it before a notary. They affirm that they saw it wipe its hands over its face, and even heard it blow its nose."

Some naturalists have pointed out characteristics in marine animals which afford a very probable ground-work for many of the current mermaid stories. Witness Sir J. E. Tennent's account of the dugong: "The rude approach to the human outline observed in the shape of the head of the creature, and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young, holding it to her breast with one flipper, while swimming with the other, holding the heads of both above water; and when disturbed, suddenly diving and displaying her fish-like tail—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid." Woman or fish, normal or abnormal, the mermaid has taken a good hold of poets and composers, interlude-writers and farce-writers; and the Mermaid in Fleet Street, London, was one of the famous old taverns of past days. The orthodox mermaid has, of course, a comely maiden's face, with beautiful hair, which she is combing with one hand, while in the other she holds a looking-glass.

(Continued from No. 857, page 463.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER VI.

IT has now become due to Graham Vane, and to his place in the estimation of my readers, to explain somewhat more distinctly the nature of the quest in prosecution of which he had sought the aid of the Parisian police, and, under an assumed name, made the acquaintance of M. Lebeau.

The best way of discharging this duty will perhaps be to place before the reader the contents of the letter which passed under Graham's eyes on the day in which the heart of the writer ceased to beat.

"*Confidential.*
To be opened immediately after my death, and before the perusal of my will.
"*Richard King.*

"TO GRAHAM VANE, ESQ.

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—By the direction on the envelope of this letter, 'Before the perusal of my will,' I have wished to save you from the disappointment you would naturally experience if you learned my bequest without being prevised of the conditions which I am about to impose upon your honor. You will see ere you conclude this letter that you are the only man living to whom I could intrust the secret it contains and the task it enjoins.

"You are aware that I was not born to the fortune that passed to me by the death of a distant relation, who had, in my earlier youth, children of his own. I was an only son, left an orphan at the age of sixteen with a very slender pittance. My guardians designed me for the medical profession. I began my studies at Edinburgh, and was sent to Paris to complete them. It so chanced that there I lodged in the same house with an artist named Auguste Duval, who, failing to gain his livelihood as a painter, in what—for his style was ambitious—is termed the Historical School, had accepted the humbler calling of a drawing-master. He had practiced in that branch of the profession for several years at Tours, having a good *clientèle* among English families settled there. This *clientèle*, as he frankly confessed, he had lost from some irregularities of conduct. He was not a bad man, but of convivial temper, and easily led into temptation. He had removed to Paris a few months before I made his acquaintance. He obtained a few pupils, and often lost them as soon as gained. He was unpunctual and addicted to drink. But he had a small pension, accorded to him, he was wont to say mysteriously, by some high-born kinsfolk, too proud to own connection with a drawing-master, and on the condition that he should never name them. He never did name them to me, and I do not know to this day whether the story of this noble relationship was true or false. A pension, however, he did receive quarterly from some person or other, and it was an unhappy provision for him. It tended to make him an idler in his proper calling, and whenever he received the payment he spent it in debauch, to the neglect, while it lasted, of his pupils. This man had residing with him a young daughter, singularly beautiful. You may divine the rest. I fell in love with her—a love deepened by the compassion with which she inspired me. Her father left her so frequently that, living on the same floor, we saw much of each other. Parent and child were often in great need—lacking even fuel or food. Of course I assisted them to the utmost of my scanty means. Much as I was fascinated by Louise Duval, I was not blind to great defects in her character. She was capricious, vain, aware of her beauty, and sighing for the pleasures or the gauds beyond her reach. I knew that she did not love me—there was little, indeed, to captivate her fancy in a poor, threadbare medical student—and yet I fondly imagined that my own persevering devotion would at length win her affections. I spoke to her father more than once of my hope some day to make Louise my wife. This hope, I must frankly acknowledge, he never encouraged. On the contrary, he treated it with scorn—'his child with her beauty would look much higher'—but he continued all the same to accept my assistance, and to sanction my visits. At length my slender purse was pretty well exhausted, and the luckless drawing-master was so harassed with petty debts that farther credit became impossible. At this time I happened to hear from a fellow-student that his sister, who was the principal of a Ladies' School in Cheltenham, had commissioned him to look out for a first-rate teacher of drawing, with whom her elder pupils could converse in French, but who should be sufficiently acquainted with English to make his instructions intelligible to the young. The salary was liberal, the school large and of high repute, and his appointment to it would open to an able teacher no inconsiderable connection among private families. I communicated this intelligence to Duval. He caught at it eagerly. He had learned at Tours to speak English fluently, and as his professional skill was of high order, and he was popular with several eminent artists, he obtained certificates as to his talents, which my fellow-student forwarded to England with specimens of Duval's drawings. In a few days the offer of an engagement arrived, was accepted, and Duval and his daughter set out for Cheltenham. At the eve of their departure Louise, profoundly dejected at the prospect of banishment to a foreign country, and placing no trust in her father's reform to steady habits, evinced a tenderness for me hitherto new—she wept bitterly. She allowed me to believe that her tears flowed at the thought of parting with me, and even besought me to accompany them to Cheltenham—if only for a few days. You may suppose how delightedly I complied with the request. Duval had been about a week at the watering-place, and was discharging the duties he had undertaken with such unwonted steadiness and regularity that I began sorrowfully to feel I had no longer an excuse for not returning to my studies at Paris, when the poor teacher was seized with a fit of paralysis. He lost the power of movement, and his mind was affected. The medical attendant called in said that he might linger thus for some time, but that, even if he recovered his intellect, which was more than doubtful, he would never be able to resume his profession. I could not leave Louise in circumstances so distressing—I remained. The little money Duval had brought with him from Paris was now exhausted, and when the day on which he had been in the habit of receiving his quarter's pension came round, Louise was unable even to conjecure how it was to be applied for. It seems he had always gone for it in person, but to whom he went was a secret which he had never divulged. And at this critical juncture his mind was too enfeebled even to comprehend us when we inquired. I had already drawn from the small capital on the interest of which I had maintained myself; I now drew out most of the remainder. But this was a resource that could not last long. Nor could I, without seriously compromising Louise's character, be constantly in the house with a girl so young, and whose sole legitimate protector was thus afflicted. There seemed but one alternative to that of abandoning her altogether—viz., to make her my wife, to conclude the studies necessary to obtain my diploma, and purchase some partnership in a small country practice with the scanty surplus that might be left of my capital. I placed this option before Louise timidly, for I could not bear the thought of forcing her inclinations. She seemed much moved by what she called my generosity: she consented—we were married. I was, as you may conceive, wholly ignorant of French law. We were married according to the English ceremony and the Protestant ritual. Shortly after our marriage we all three returned to Paris, taking an apartment in a quarter remote from that in which we had before lodged, in order to avoid any harassment to which such small creditors as Duval had left behind him might subject us. I resumed my studies with redoubled energy, and Louise was necessarily left much alone with her poor father in the daytime. The defects in her character became more and more visible. She reproached me for the solitude to which I condemned her; our poverty galled her; she had no kind greeting for me when I returned at evening, wearied out. Before marriage she had not loved me—after marriage, alas! I fear she hated. We had been returned to Paris some months when poor Duval died; he had never recovered his faculties, nor had we ever learned from whom his pension had been received. Very soon after her father's death I observed a singular change in the humor and manner of Louise. She was no longer peevish, irascible, reproachful, but taciturn and thoughtful. She seemed to me under the influence of some suppressed excitement: her cheeks flushed and her eyes abstracted. At length one evening when I returned I found her gone. She did not come back that night nor the next day. It was impossible for me to conjecture what had become of her. She had no friends, so far as I knew—no one had visited at our squalid apartment. The poor house in which we lodged had no *concierge* whom I could question, but the ground-floor was occupied by a small tobacconist's shop, and the woman at the counter told me that for some days before my wife's disappearance she had observed her pass the shop window in going out in the afternoon and returning toward the evening. Two terrible conjectures beset me: either in her walks she had met some admirer, with whom she had fled, or, unable to bear the companionship and poverty of a union which she had begun to loathe, she had gone forth to drown herself in the Seine. On the third day from her flight I received the letter I inclose. Possibly the handwriting may serve you as a guide in the mission I intrust to you.

"'MONSIEUR,—You have deceived me vilely—taking advantage of my inexperienced youth and friendless position to decoy me into an illegal marriage. My only consolation under my calamity and disgrace is that I am at least free from a detested bond. You will not see me again—it is idle to attempt to do so. I have obtained refuge with relations whom I have been fortunate enough to discover, and to whom I intrust my fate. And even if you could learn the shelter I have sought, and have the audacity to molest me, you would but subject yourself to the chastisement you so richly deserve.

"'LOUISE DUVAL.'

"At the perusal of this cold-hearted, ungrateful letter, the love I had felt for this woman—already much shaken by her wayward and perverse temper—vanished from my heart, never to return. But, as an honest man, my conscience was terribly stung. Could it be possible that I had unknowingly deceived her—that our marriage was not legal?

"When I recovered from the stun which was the first effect of her letter, I sought the opinion of an *avoué* in the neighborhood, named Sartiges, and, to my dismay, I learned that while I, marrying according to the customs of my own country, was legally bound to Louise in England, and could not marry another, the marriage was in all ways illegal for her—being without the consent of her relations while she was under age, without the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, to which, though I never heard any profession of religious belief from her or her father, it might fairly be presumed that she belonged, and, above all, without the form of civil contract which is indispensable to the legal marriage of a French subject.

"The *avoué* said that the marriage, therefore, in itself was null, and that Louise could, without incurring legal penalties for bigamy, marry again in France according to the French laws; but that under the circumstances it was probable that her next of kin would apply on her behalf to the proper court for the formal annulment of the marriage, which would be the most effectual mode of saving her from any molestation on my part, and remove all possible question hereafter as to her single state and absolute right to remarry. I had better remain quiet, and wait for intimation of further proceedings. I knew not what else to do, and necessarily submitted.

"From this wretched listlessness of mind, alternated now by vehement resentment against Louise, now by the reproach of my own sense of honor, in leaving that honor in so questionable a point of view, I was arroused by a letter from the distant kinsman by whom hitherto I had been so neglected. In the previous year he had lost one of his two children: the other was just dead: no nearer relation now surviving stood between me and my chance of inheritance from him. He wrote word of his domestic affliction with a manly sorrow which touched me, said that his health was failing, and begged me, as soon as possible, to come and visit him in Scotland. I went, and continued to reside with him till his death, some months afterward. By his will I succeeded to his ample fortune on condition of taking his name.

"As soon as the affairs connected with this inheritance permitted, I returned to Paris, and again saw M. Sartiges. I had never heard from Louise, nor from any one connected with her, since the letter you have read. No steps had been taken to annul the marriage, and sufficient time had elapsed to render it improbable that such steps would be taken now. But if no such steps were taken, however free from the marriage-bond Louise might be, it clearly remained binding on myself.

"At my request M. Sartiges took the most vigorous measures that occurred to him to ascertain where Louise was, and what and who was the relation with whom she asserted she had found refuge. The police were employed; advertisements were issued, concealing names, but sufficiently clear to be intelligible to Louise, if they came under her eye, and to the effect that if any informality in our marriage existed, she was implored for her own sake to remove it by a second ceremonial—answer to be addressed to the *avoué*. No answer came; the police had hitherto failed of discovering her, but were sanguine of success, when a few weeks after these advertisements a packet reached M. Sartiges, inclosing the certificates annexed to this letter, of the death of Louise Duval at Munich. The certificates, as you will see, are to appearance officially attested and unquestionably genuine. So they were considered by M. Sartiges as well as by myself. Here then all inquiry ceased—the police were dismissed. I was free. By little and little I overcame the painful impressions which my ill-starred union and the announcement of Louise's early death bequeathed. Rich, and of active mind, I learned to dismiss the trials of my youth as a gloomy dream. I entered into public life; I made myself a creditable position; became acquainted with your aunt; we were wedded, and the beauty of her nature embellished mine. Alas, alas! two years after our marriage—nearly five years after I had received the certificates of Louise's death—I and your aunt made a summer excursion into the country of the Rhine; on our return we rested at Aix-la-Chapelle. One day while there I was walking alone in the environs of the town, when, on the road, a little girl, seemingly about five years old, in chase of a butterfly, stumbled and fell just before my feet; I took her up, and as she was crying more from the shock of the fall than any actual hurt, I was still trying my best to comfort her, when a lady some paces behind her came up, and in taking the child from my arms as I was bending over her, thanked me in a voice that made my heart stand still; I looked up, and beheld Louise.

"It was not till I had convulsively clasped her hand and uttered her name that she recognized me. I was, no doubt, the more altered of the two—prosperity and happiness had left little trace of the needy, care-worn, threadbare student. But if she were the last to recognize, she was the first to recover self-possession. The expression of her face became hard and set. I can not pretend to repeat with any verbal accuracy the brief converse that took place between us, as she placed the child on the grass bank beside the path, bade her stay there quietly, and walked on with me some paces as if she did not wish the child to hear what was said.

"The purport of what passed was to this effect: She refused to explain the certificates of her death further than that, becoming aware of what she called the 'persecution' of the advertisements issued and inquiries instituted, she had caused those documents to be sent to the address given in the advertisement, in order to terminate all further molestation. But how they could have been obtained, or by what art

so ingeniously forged as to deceive the acuteness of a practiced lawyer, I know not to this day. She declared, indeed, that she was now happy, in easy circumstances, and that if I wished to make some reparation for the wrong I had done her, it would be to leave her in peace; and in case—which was not likely—we ever met again, to regard and treat her as a stranger; that she, on her part, never would molest me, and that the certified death of Louise Duval left me as free to marry again as she considered herself to be.

"My mind was so confused, so bewildered, while she thus talked, that I did not attempt to interrupt her. The blow had so crushed me that I scarcely struggled under it; only, as she turned to leave me, I suddenly recollected that the child, when taken from my arms, had called her '*Maman*,' and, judging by the apparent age of the child, it must have been born but a few months after Louise had left me—that it must be mine. And so, in my dreary woe, I faltered out, 'But what of your infant? Surely that has on me a claim that you relinquish for yourself. You were not unfaithful to me while you deemed you were my wife?'

"'Heavens! can you insult me by such a doubt. No!' she cried out, impulsively and haughtily. 'But as I was not legally your wife, the child is not legally yours; it is mine, and only mine. Nevertheless, if you wish to claim it—' Here she paused as in doubt. I saw at once that she was prepared to resign to me the child if I had urged her to do so. I must own, with a pang of remorse, that I recoiled from such a proposal. What could I do with the child? How explain to my wife the cause of my interest in it? If only a natural child of mine, I should have shrunk from owning to Janet a youthful error. But, as it was—the child by a former marriage—the former wife still living—my blood ran cold with dread. And if I did take the child—invent what story I might as to its parentage, should I not expose myself, expose Janet, to terrible constant danger? The mother's natural affection might urge her at any time to seek tidings of the child, and in so doing she might easily discover my new name, and, perhaps years hence, establish on me her own claim.

"No, I could not risk such perils. I replied, sullenly, 'You say rightly; the child is yours—only yours.' I was about to add an offer of pecuniary provision for it, but Louise had already turned scornfully toward the bank on which she had left the infant. I saw her snatch from the child's hand some wild flowers the poor thing had been gathering; and how often have I thought of the rude way in which she did it—not as a mother who loves her child. Just then other passengers appeared on the road—two of them I knew—an English couple very intimate with Lady Janet and myself. They stopped to accost me, while Louise passed by with the infant toward the town. I turned in the opposite direction, and strove to collect my thoughts. Terrible as was the discovery thus suddenly made, it was evident that Louise had as strong an interest as myself to conceal it. There was little chance that it would ever be divulged. Her dress and that of the child were those of persons in the richer classes of life. After all, doubtless, the child needed not pecuniary assistance from me, and was surely best off under the mother's care. Thus I sought to comfort and to delude myself.

"The next day Janet and I left Aix-la-Chapelle, and returned to England. But it was impossible for me to banish the dreadful thought that Janet was not legally my wife; that could she even guess the secret lodged in my breast she would be lost to me forever, even though she died of the separation (you know well how tenderly she loved me). My nature underwent a silent revolution. I had previously cherished the ambition common to most men in public life—the ambition for fame, for place, for power. That ambition left me; I shrunk from the thought of becoming too well known, lest Louise or her connections, as yet ignorant of my new name, might more easily learn what the world knew—viz., that I had previously borne another name—the name of her husband—and finding me wealthy and honored, might hereafter be tempted to claim for herself or her daughter the ties she abjured for both while she deemed me poor and despised. But partly my conscience, partly the influence of the angel by my side, compelled me to seek whatever means of doing good to others position and circumstances placed at my disposal. I was alarmed when even such quiet exercise of mind and fortune acquired a sort of celebrity. How painfully I shrunk from it! The world attributed my dread of publicity to unaffected modesty. The world praised me, and I knew myself an impostor. But the years stole on. I heard no more of Louise or her child, and my fears gradually subsided. Yet I was consoled when the two children born to me by Janet died in their infancy. Had they lived, who can tell whether something might not have transpired to prove them illegitimate?

"I must hasten on. At last came the great and crushing calamity of my life: I lost the woman who was my all in all. At least she was spared the discovery that would have deprived me of the right of tending her death-bed, and leaving within her tomb a place vacant for myself.

"But after the first agonies that followed her loss, the conscience I had so long sought to tranquillize became terribly reproachful. Louise had forfeited all right to my consideration, but my guiltless child had not done so. Did it live still? If so, was it not the heir to my fortunes—the only child left to me? True, I have the absolute right to dispose of my wealth: it is not in land; it is not entailed; but was not the daughter I had forsaken morally the first claimant? Was no reparation due to her? You remember that my physician ordered me, some little time after your aunt's death, to seek a temporary change of scene. I obeyed, and went away no one knew whither. Well, I repaired to Paris; there I sought M. Sartiges, the *avoué*. I found he had been long dead. I discovered his executors, and inquired if any papers or correspondence between Richard Macdonald and himself many years ago were in existence. All such documents, with others not returned to correspondents at his decease, had been burned by his desire. No possible clew to the whereabouts of Louise, should any have been gained since I last saw her, was left. What then to do I knew not. I did not dare to make inquiries through strangers, which, if discovering my child, might also bring to light a marriage that would have dishonored the memory of my lost saint. I returned to England feeling that my days were numbered. It is to you that I transmit the task of those researches which I could not institute. I bequeath to you, with the exception of trifling legacies and donations to public charities, the whole of my fortune. But you will understand by this letter that it is to be held on a trust which I can not specify in my will. I could not, without dishonoring the venerated name of your aunt, indicate as the heiress of my wealth a child by a wife living at the time I married Janet. I can not form any words for such a devise which would not arouse gossip and suspicion, and furnish ultimately a clew to the discovery I would shun. I calculate that, after all deductions, the sum that will devolve to you will be about two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. That which I mean to be absolutely and at once yours is the comparatively trifling legacy of £20,000. If Louise's child be not living, or if you find full reason to suppose that, despite appearances, the child is not mine, the whole of my fortune lapses to you; but should Louise be surviving and need pecuniary aid, you will contrive that she may have such an annuity as you may deem fitting, without learning whence it come. You perceive that it is your object if possible, even more than mine, to preserve free from slur the name and memory of her who was to you a second mother. All ends we desire would be accomplished could you, on discovering my lost child, feel that, without constraining your inclinations, you could make her your *wife*. She would then naturally share with you my fortune, and all claims of justice and duty would be quietly appeased. She would now be of age suitable to yours. When I saw her at Aix she gave promise of inheriting no small share of her mother's beauty. If Louise's assurance of her easy circumstances were true, her daughter has possibly been educated and reared with tenderness and care. You have already assured me that you have no prior attachment. But if, on discovering this child, you find her already married, or one whom you could not love nor esteem, I leave it implicitly to your honor and judgment to determine what share of the £200,000 left in your hands should be consigned to her. She may have been corrupted by her mother's principles. She may—heaven forbid!—have fallen into evil courses, and wealth would be misspent in her hands. In that case a competence sufficing to save her from further degradation, from the temptations of poverty, would be all that I desire you to devote from my wealth. On the contrary, you may find in her one who, in all respects, ought to be my chief inheritor. All this I leave, in full confidence, to you, as being, of all the men I know, the one who unites the highest sense of honor with the largest share of practical sense and knowledge of life. The main difficulty, whatever this lost girl may derive from my substance, will be in devising some means to convey it to her, so that neither she nor those around her may trace the bequest to me. She can never be acknowledged as my child—never! Your reverence for the beloved dead forbids that. This difficulty your clear strong sense must overcome; mine is blinded by the shades of death. You too will deliberately consider how to institute the inquiries after mother and child so as not to betray our secret. This will require great caution. You will probably commence at Paris, through the agency of the police, to whom you will be very guarded in your communications. It is most unfortunate that I have no miniature of Louise, and that any description of her must be so vague that it may not serve to discover her; but such as it is, it may prevent your mistaking for her some other of her name. Louise was above the common height, and looked taller than she was, with the peculiar combination of very dark hair, very fair complexion, and light gray eyes. She would now be somewhere under the age of forty. She was not without accomplishments, derived from the companionship with her father. She spoke English fluently; she drew with taste, and even with talent. You will see the prudence of confining research at first to Louise, rather than to the child who is the principal object of it; for it is not till you can ascertain what has become of her that you can trust the accuracy of any information respecting the daughter, whom I assume, perhaps after all erroneously, to be mine. Though Louise talked with such levity of holding herself free to marry, the birth of her child might be sufficient injury to her reputation to become a serious obstacle to such second nuptials, not having taken formal steps to annul her marriage with myself. If not thus remarried, there would be no reason why she should not resume her maiden name of Duval, as she did in the signature of her letter to me—finding that I had ceased to molest her by the inquiries to elude which she had invented the false statement of her death. It seems probable, therefore, that she is residing somewhere in Paris, and in the name of Duval. Of course the burden of uncertainty as to your future can not be left to oppress you for an indefinite length of time. If at the end, say, of two years, your researches have wholly failed, consider three-fourths of my whole fortune to have passed to you, and put by the fourth to accumulate, should the child afterward be discovered, and satisfy your judgment as to her claims on me as her father. Should she not, it will be a reserve fund for your own children. But oh, if my child could be found in time! and oh, if she be all that could win your heart, and be the wife you would select from free choice! I can say no more. Pity me, and judge leniently of Janet's husband. R. K."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE OF NATURE.

A MAN who takes pleasure in contemplating daffodils or clouds does not really think that a daffodil is a more interesting object than a human being, or attracts a larger share of his sympathies. If it did, he would be partly a misanthrope, but still more decidedly an idiot. He merely intends to imply that he is capable of enjoying solitude; and he doubtless enjoys it because he can think of the destinies of the race more distinctly when he is not disturbed by the presence of too many of its units. He can meditate on the shortness of human life or the fallacy of human hopes the more effectually when he has no inducement to listen to gossip about the chances of a particular judge making a vacancy, or a given young man marrying a specific young woman. The preaching of daffodils is effective because it is so very simple and commonplace. The true test of poetical sensibility is the power of finding fresh interest in the most threadbare platitudes. There is, in fact, a very close alliance—to modify the ordinary phrase—between sublimity and stupidity. Now the merit of a mountain, considered as a companion, is that it is incessantly but very emphatically repeating one very simple sentiment. It makes a sufficiently near approach to the unity of a living organism to be easily personified; and, when personified, it continues to say over and over again how very small man is, what a short time he can live, and how very small an effect he can produce upon the world in which he lives. Here am I, pretty much the same as I was a thousand generations before you were born, and as I shall be a thousand generations after you are buried. A plowed field flatters human vanity, and suggests the advantages of steam cultivation and the number of quarters of corn that may be raised. A mountain with its crevasses and glaciers suggests the slow development of vast changes reaching backward and forward beyond the petty ken of human beings. That is clearly a very commonplace and rather monotonous observation, after a time. But yet it is the sentiment which, expressed in various forms, is the substance of a great part of all the most impressive poetry and moralizing that has ever been composed. Byronically interpreted, it may become cynical; but that is only because a Byron chooses to repine against the inevitable, instead of looking things in the face like a man. To rejoice in communion with mountains ought therefore to indicate a power of taking pleasure in some of the most solemn reflections that can occur to a human being. We do not venture to say that it actually does imply that power; for mountains have been only too effectually associated with mere athleticism or with the delights of a vigorous appetite. The most poetical objects may be turned to such base uses. We only say that when the pleasure in savage scenery is genuine and healthy, it implies a susceptibility to this vein of reflection. The love of nature generally should mean not an indifference to human nature, but a tendency to contemplate its most simple and general aspects, instead of being distracted among the petty details of small personal interests. In that sense only it is admirable; and in that sense the mountains are more eloquent preachers than scenery which speaks more of human conquests over the physical world than of the insuperable barriers which restrain them within narrow bounds.

THE BALLET.

DEGRADED as is the modern ballet, we must not forget that the ballet, properly so called, is the parent of all representative art. Before man wrote and painted signs, he danced. Before music and singing and the plastic arts, there were pantomimic dances; among almost all the earliest nations dancing of some kind entered into the rites and ceremonies of religion, nay, entered largely into social and political life, for there were dances of war and of triumph and of pleasure. The Jewish records are full of allusions to the dance—David dancing before the ark, Jephtha's and Herodias's daughters dancing in joy and festivity, Moses and Miriam dancing to songs of triumph: and the Greek chorus itself in the oldest times was nothing but the assemblage in the public place of the whole population of the city for the purpose of singing songs and dancing dances of thanksgiving to the gods.

But as to the Greeks we owe the origin of the drama (offspring of the pantomimic dance), so to them was due probably the highest conception and development of the art of dancing. In combination with the science of gymnastics or the culture of the body, they appear to have raised the dance into a systematic expression capable of rendering all the different passions. The famous dance of the Eumenides or Furies is said to have communicated such terror to the spectators that the effect could scarcely have been greater had the Furies themselves taken possession of the stage. When we learn further that the attitudes of the public dancers inspired the greatest Greek sculptors, who studied them for their perfect delineations of passion, and when we look at the work of Phidias, we begin to realize the extent of difference between those dances which the Greeks witnessed and those inelegant capers which we are accustomed to applaud. The Spartans had a law compelling all parents to exercise their children in dancing from the age of five. The little creatures were led by grown men into the public place, and there trained for the armed dance. The Pyrrhic dance, expressive of overtaking and overcoming an enemy, performed by the young men in four parts, must have been a kind of exciting ballet or dramatic dance. Aristotle places dancing and poetry in the same rank, and says in his "Poetics" that there were dancers who, by rhythm applied to gesture, expressed manners, passions, and actions. The Greeks had fine poets, and therefore we can not say, "So much the worse for poetry!" but we can not help seeing how the art of dancing has fallen from its high estate and become a vulgar and tasteless exhibition of mere muscular dexterity, actually lower down in the scale of art than even the war-dance of the Ojibbeways. Greek dancing was more than a mere feat of agility. The fire that communicated itself to the spectators came from those who were themselves touched with enthusiasm, unlike the human marionette, the ballet-dolls-on-wires of to-day.

But, for good or for evil, the passion for the dance can never die: it is a real instinct, irrepressible and universal. We see in all children, and in animals, and among the rudest tribes, the impulse to express various emotions by rhythmic movement. Children often dance with rage as well as with delight. As we grow older, and the eye becomes cultivated, and the blood sluggish, we prefer looking on, to dancing ourselves. And in the maturer periods of the world among civilized nations dancing, as a studied art, is chiefly left to professional and trained dancers. Yet how often when a rhythmic tune is played do grown people beat the foot or nod the head in time with it. A little more, and they would gesticulate—a little more, and they would dance. The singular power which rhythmic motion has over the human mind, and its contagious property, may be noticed in the curious dancing epidemics of the Middle Ages (which seemed to end in a kind of possession), and again in the coarse rites of one or two modern religious sects.

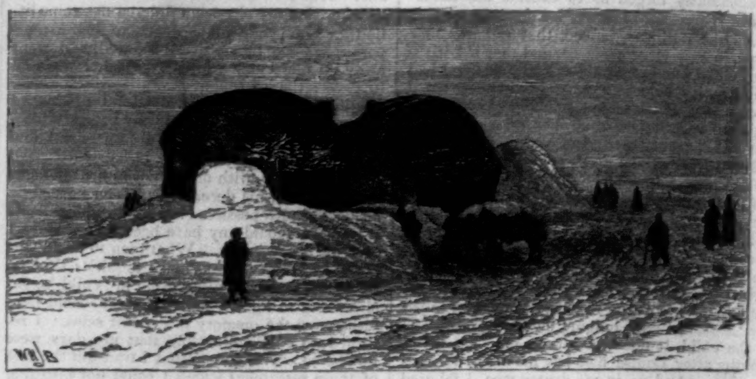
THE EXPEDITION TO KHIVA.

THE large illustration on page 516 is engraved from a picture by the renowned Russian painter, M. BASILE WERESCHAGIN. A stately Emir of Samarcand is contemplating a ghastly heap of the heads of his enemies which his soldiers have brought from the battle-field in token of their prowess and of victory—for it is the invariable custom in Central Asia to cut off the heads of the vanquished and present them to the Emir. In the background are the men who have brought the trophies, bowed low in *salam*, and anxiously awaiting a word of commendation, as also the more solid reward of prize-money bestowed upon such occasions. M. WERESCHAGIN has treated his subject with his peculiar skill. The impassible countenance of the Eastern magnate as he gazes upon the ghastly trophies; the respectful attitude of his attendants; the blinding glare of the Eastern sun, tempered by the cool shade of the colonnades; the delicate Alhambra-like tracery on the wall and pillars—all are portrayed with marvelous vividness and realism.

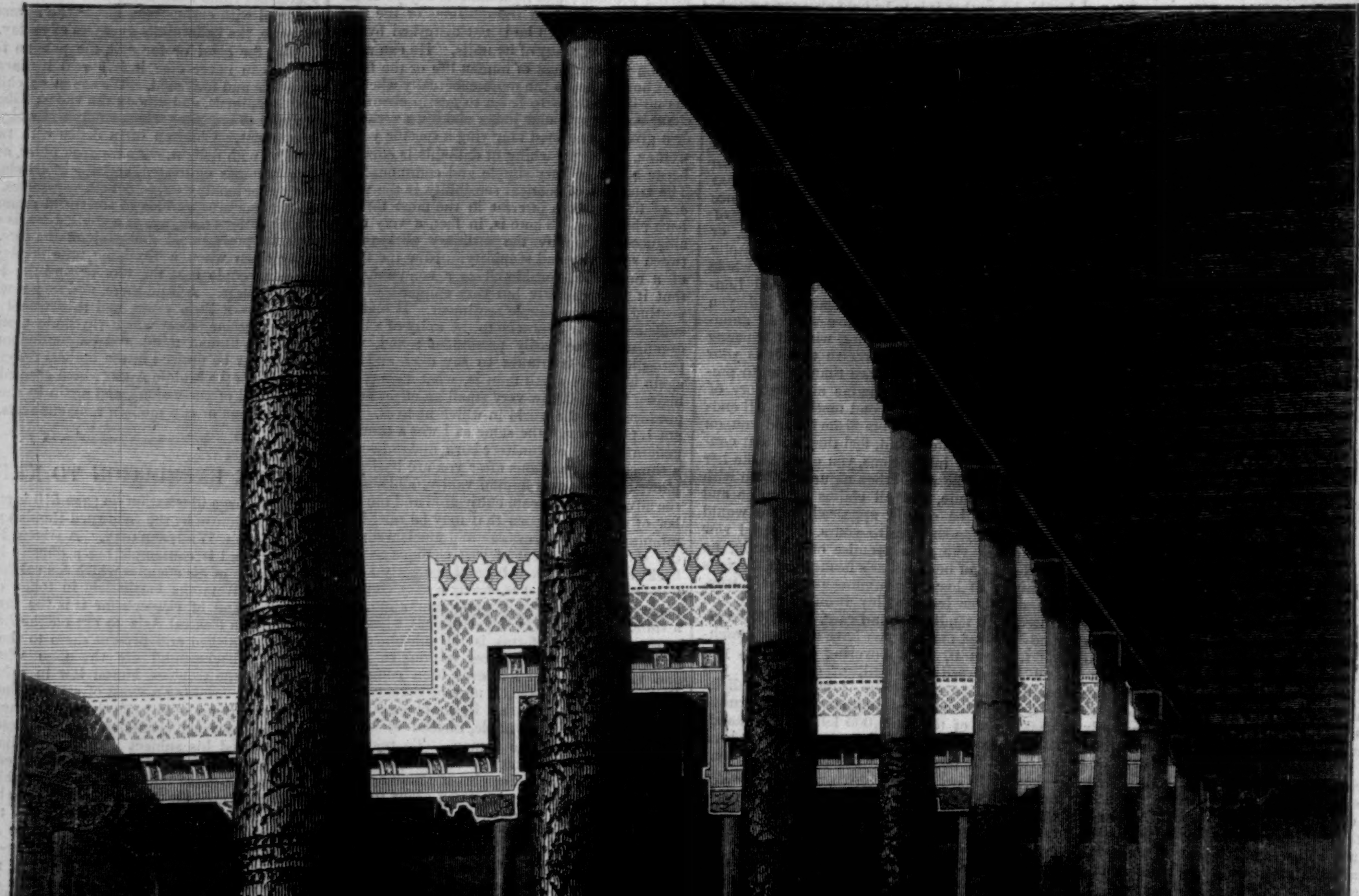
The little town of Khiva is a fertile oasis in the midst of an arid desert, and is situated in the delta of the river Oxus, which flows into the Sea of Aral. Of troops the Khan barely owns 1000 men, armed with matchlocks, and the population of the entire Khanate is only 340,000. What rendered the expedition so difficult to organize was the absolutely desert nature of the surrounding country. From whatever point an army might start, it was sure to encounter formidable obstacles, if only from the want of forage and water. Thus, instead of one large force, the Russians determined to send five well-organized and carefully furnished and equipped detachments from five separate points—namely, one from Kazalinsk, to march from the north along the delta of the Oxus; a second from Krasnovodsk, on the southeastern coast of the Caspian Sea; and a third from Mangishlak, on the northeastern side of the Caspian, to attack from the west; a fourth to approach from the northeast from Tashkend; and a fifth, from the great military station and dépôt of Orenburg—the last involving a difficult march of 950 miles. Crossing the river Emba and the desert of Ust-Urt, this detachment, consisting of six companies of infantry, 1300 horse, and a few light guns, under the command of Lieutenant-General VEREVKINE, would march on Khiva *via* the southwest coast of the Sea of Aral.

Such, briefly, was the plan of the whole expedition. Many of the soldiers were old hands at Central Asian warfare, but most of the officers were young, and new to the work, the Russians having now seemingly adopted Central Asia as a training school for the army, as the French utilized Algeria some years since. What increased the difficulties of the various detachments were the enormous baggage and water trains they were compelled to take with them, while the Orenburg column had to traverse a range of mountains all but impassable from the snow. It is from this detachment that the two lower sketches were obtained. These represent stations at Dschilangatsch and Tschulack-Kairakty, on the line of march from Orenburg. These stations are the only signs of habitation for miles round, and, as may be seen, are merely roughly built mud huts, serving more as sign-posts to point out the roads than any thing else. At the time the detachment was advancing the country lay deep in snow, and the troops suffered severely from the intense cold.

DSCHILANGATSCH STATION, ON THE POST-ROAD.



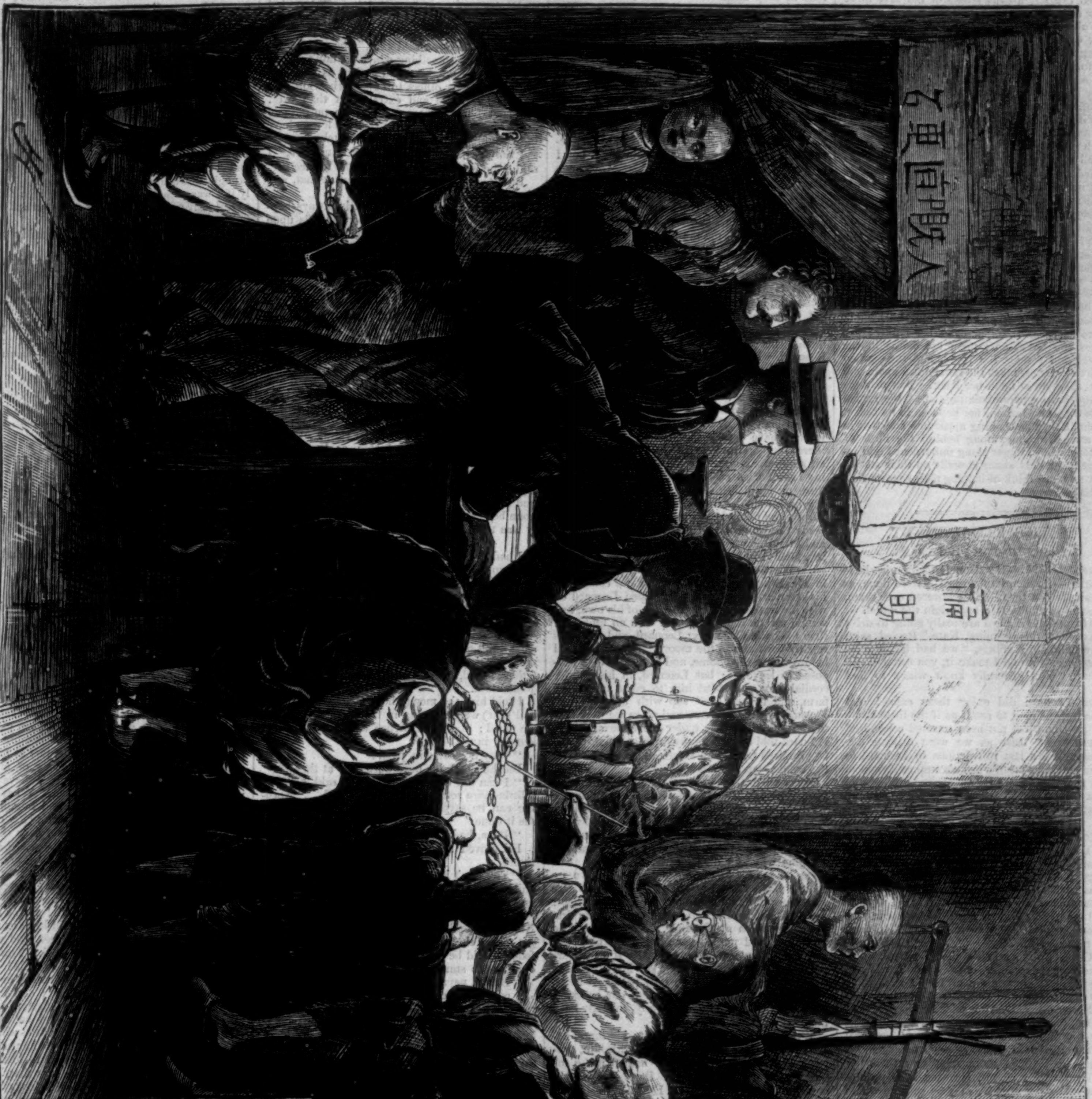
TSCHULACK-KAIRAKTY STATION.



THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA—PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES: A SCENE AT THE PALACE OF SAMARCAND.

CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

GAMBLING, like opium-smoking, is universal in China, and is with the Chinese a most enslaving vice, practiced in a variety of ways, and strangely mixed up with their most common-place and most sacred observances. In their temples they toss the prognosticating sticks in



LIFE IN CHINA—A GAMBLING-HOUSE AT MACAO.

the hope to win a good omen from some favorite idol. In the public streets the coster-monger has his gaming-table, which regulates his transactions with his poorest customers. The Chinese gamble themselves out of good society into bad, out of debt and into it, and, when the vice has mastered the most tender feelings of their nature, they gamble their wives and children, and finally themselves, into bondage. On the Cuban plantations, where large numbers of Chinese are employed, the severest measures are insufficient to check this propensity. Every Chinaman detected in gambling is punished by being compelled to wear a chain and ball at his work, his rations are cut down, and his wages diminished; but it would be as easy to prevent his breathing as to keep him from gambling. Three or four will gamble in the dark by holding up hands and betting on the number of fingers raised, the wager being decided by an umpire, who ascertains the number by feeling the hands of the gamblers. The effects of this passion are so demoralizing that the planters use every effort to counteract it.

The subject of the illustration is the interior of a licensed gambling-house in the Portuguese settlement of Macao, held in high favor with the native Chinese, and the occasional resort of Europeans and Americans. The game may be simply termed odd-and-even, and is conducted on the following plan: A disk on the table is divided into four parts, marked one, two, three, and four, and the player is at liberty to stake his venture on any of the above numbers. Behind the table stands the banker, who is remarkable for the expertness and precision with which he keeps the various accounts of the players, who, as a rule, open an account with the bank on entering. This account is kept in black characters upon a pewter slab in front of the player, and finally made up when the player's purse is cleaned out, or the play is over, the bank charging seven per cent. interest on every transaction. When the stakes have been arranged, the man on the right takes up a handful of polished copper cash, which are placed in a heap at some distance from him. He then, with a long slender wand, picks out the cash upon the table in fours, the remaining one, two, three, or four deciding the game. This is the part of the game which is most closely scrutinized by the players, more especially when the pile of cash is nearly told out, each player watching with a painful eagerness as the last pieces are carefully separated, and he reads his fate in the odd or even as the wand is lifted from the last cash.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

OUR engraving on page 520 illustrates the way in which the noble Indian understands the duties and cares of maternity. Among few people in the world do the women occupy a lower place than among the North American Indians. To the polygamy of the Orientals they join the callousness to woman's delicate organization which is well-nigh peculiar to themselves. To their women are left all the labors of life save those of the chase and of war, and the Indian mother goes about her work with her new-born babe slung on her back in the manner illustrated in the engraving. We can not help feeling sorry, too, for the little papoose, with its face marked by a sort of unnatural gravity. Will he be cut off by some of the numerous ailments which beset infancy, or will he grow up a lazy, shiftless, skulking creature, equally bereft of the virtues of savagery and of civilization? The mode in which the papoose is carried on the squaw's back is well illustrated in this sketch. The child is carried in a wicker basket, held to the squaw's back by a broad strap across her forehead. It is observable that the method of carrying babies is not unlike that used in the rural districts of Brittany. The Indian woman not only labors upon her buffalo robes, her moccasins, her straw baskets, and bead ornaments—that is, not only supports the family, as it is the province of the man to do—but she also performs all, or nearly all, the domestic labor about the camp. She is the hewer of wood and drawer of water; she dresses, sews, turns, and adorns the skins which are to serve as the apparel of her family; she makes the tents, puts them up, drives in the stakes, and fastens the ropes, and then, when the party moves, takes the tents down again and bears them away upon her back. You may see the squaw in a perambulating tribe fairly loaded down with her burden, her papoose in its basket on her back, her cooking apparatus and tent in her arms, trudging along behind the lords of creation, who swagger along unburdened and indifferent, or dart about cheerily on their steeds. They no more think of helping their squaws than of flying.

KATE'S ENGAGEMENT.

I.—BOUND FOR FIVE YEARS.

June 12, 1865.—My sister Rachel's crisp little tea-cakes—Leonard's favorites—were done, as she said, "to a turn," and I hovered over them, endeavoring unobserved to purloin the nicest.

"If you and Leonard are really going to drive to Kynance this evening, Kate," Rachel said, tacitly foiling my efforts, "we had better have tea at once. While I make it, you run and call Leonard. You generally know where to find him."

How Leonard did enjoy those cakes! and Rachel was as glad to see it as if the little scene were new, and had not been enacted a hundred times before. Just as we were driving off, amidst Rachel's last instructions to Leonard to put on his water-proof when we stop at Kynance, papa rode up among us on his beautiful young horse. He stopped us while he gave Leonard various orders for next day. He was going to dine in Helstone, he said, and might not be home until to-morrow night.

"You must be at the Manor all the morning," he said, "though the Squire *may* see about things himself.—Now, Rachel, come and give me a snack before I dress. The maids never get me what I like unless you manage it. Come. Hold your reins higher, Kate. If you can condescend to drive such an animal as that, drive him respectably."

"Going away again!" sighed Leonard. "It is the same day after day. How I wish he would stay at home more, or that I were more fit to take his place!"

"Never mind, Len," I said, as cheerfully as possible, for what was the use of spoiling this drive for him? "The Squire would soon get another agent if he felt that papa neglected *his* business, and that's more important than our own farm, isn't it? Mr. Keverne is so prompt and wise himself, that we may be sure he would not tolerate any neglect in a subordinate."

Brownie was trotting now, and looking as self-satisfied as he always does when he gets on the bridle-way across the heath. Just from there we could see the chimneys of Trecothic, the old manor-house where Mr. Keverne lives with his sister and her little girl. While I looked at it, and Brownie tossed his head and drew us swiftly over the springy turf without the aid of whip or reins, I thought of the Squire's long undemonstrative kindness to us; of Mrs. Grey, and of how, for months, she had been wishing me to be her little girl's governess, and teach her for the few years that she will remain here in Cornwall before her husband leaves the army, and they all settle in Scotland. I thought of little Rose; of her warm love for me, and her shy, winning patronage of Leonard; and while I thought these things a feeling almost like anger sprang up in my heart against my father.

"Oh, Leonard, isn't it a real sin," I said, "for those who have a certain duty to perform not to perform it, especially when it is owing to one who is kind and good and forbearing? Papa is clever, and understands the work he has to do. I can not think how he can neglect it. I don't think *I* could, Len."

"Wait till you are tried, dear," he said, gently.

"But why should my purpose change when I am tried?—I wish I had learned farming," I said, presently, "that I might have helped you, Leonard."

"Hush, dear; it is reminding me of my own uselessness. Let me think I do all that my father expects me to do—all that you so often do for me. Oh, little Kate, what should I do without you?"

"Think of Mrs. Grey wanting to separate us, Len!" I said, winking very hard from some unpleasant sensation in my eyes as we rolled on and met the sea-born breeze.

"Yes, she was urging her old request again this morning. Rachel will not tell you because it worries her, and she knows it worries you. I'm sorry for Mrs. Grey, because she is so anxious to keep Rose with her here, and does so dread the idea of a stranger to teach her. Yet I have no patience with her when she wishes you to live entirely there. Why, Kate, I can not fancy the dear old farm without you!"

"Well, don't let us talk of it any more, just to spoil our evening. We shall have a glimpse of the sea in a minute."

So we watched for it, driving on over the green and purple heath, and knowing exactly at what spot we should see it first. How beautiful it was! We did not leave the pony-carriage, because Leonard is not fit for climbing; but I drove Brownie, and drew him up as far out upon the cliff as I could, beside the little wooden houses built for the accommodation of tourists. There was no sound but the mellow plash of the water on the shore, and the lowing of cattle in the distance. To me the scene was grandly yet peacefully beautiful, and I was sorry when Leonard pointed out to me a gentleman sketching just beyond us.

"It is Mr. Etheridge," he whispered; "the artist who is staying here."

I don't exactly remember how it was managed, but Mr. Etheridge joined us presently, and brought his picture up to the carriage to show Leonard. It was not until Leonard told him that I had sketched that very view in water-colors that he spoke directly to me. Might he see it some day, he asked; and I'm sure I answered nervously, because of the inquisitive, intent look in his eyes when he spoke to me. I think it must have been a good while that we staid there talking; Brownie patiently sniffing the sea-air and watching the cormorants; Leonard leaning back on his cushions, with almost a healthy flush on his delicate face; Mr. Etheridge leaning on his side of the little carriage, but looking across, and talking most to me. Then quite suddenly the clouds swept over the moor behind us, and broke above us in the swift-drenching rain to which visitors at Kynance soon get accustomed. We would not consent to wait and shelter in Mr. Etheridge's room, but we *did* consent to his next arrangement. He helped Leonard on with his water-proof, lent me one of his own, and settled me on the seat behind with an umbrella, then took the place next Leonard, and drove us rapidly back across the moor. The rain ceased before we reached home, and Mr. Etheridge proposed to leave us; but Leonard, in his gentle, cordial way, persuaded him to come on to the farm, and to stay and sup with us. He was charmed with the house; and when we took him to the old stone seat under the laburnum, and Leonard told him it was my favorite idling-place, he promised Leonard a sketch of it with me in it, if I would consent.

August 31, 1865.—Mr. Etheridge and papa have been out together all day, and after dinner we had a pleasant musical evening—except papa, who slept tranquilly throughout; and, indeed, I ought to say except Rachel, who would perform only the part of indifferent audience. I can not imagine why she dislikes Mr. Etheridge. She owns he is very handsome, but she will own no more. Even Leonard, too, will not grow to care any more for him than he did on that night, nearly three months ago, when we saw him first upon the beach at Kynance. Leonard says he is listless and purposeless; but then how can that be? Can a man be an artist if he is purposeless? Besides, we never see Mr. Etheridge really at work, because he only professes to be idling away this summer painting our beautiful coast. After that he goes to Italy, to study hard for three or four years.

When he went back to-night to his funny little rooms at Kynance, papa went with him, preparatory to an excursion they are to make to-morrow to the Scilly Isles. Papa is the only one who seems to value Mr. Etheridge's society. I mean he does so, and Rachel and Leonard do not.

As Rachel and I went on our nightly tour, inspecting all the locks and bolts on the ground-floor, we were startled by a long, light rapping at the front-door. Was not I astonished to see the Squire walk in when I opened it! He came into the hall, where our flickering candle was the only light, and he stood there for a few minutes chatting, while I wondered and wondered whether he really could have come at such a time merely for the purpose of doing this. So grave and strong and tall he looked in the dimness; with that quiet fearlessness about him which always makes me feel that if I had done wrong at any time, and he told me of it with that same quiet fearlessness in his face and manner, I should feel most terribly humiliated. I *think* so.

"When would Mr. Carew be at home?"

He asked the question quite easily and naturally, yet I fancied too that he looked anxious as he asked it.

Rachel told him, to-morrow night she *hoped*.

"To-morrow night!" he repeated, and I'm sure his tone was vexed. "Will you ask him to come up to me as soon as he returns—directly he returns? Will you remember this, Miss Carew?"

While Rachel promised, he shook hands with her in his kindest way; then turned to the door, which I was opening.

"Good-night," he said, but he forgot to offer me his hand; "shut the door behind me, and lock it safely. It is a gusty night. Close it at once; and open it to no one else to-night, my child."

I laughed a little, wondering what visitors we were to expect after eleven o'clock. But I was very soon serious again, for I never like Mr. Keverne speaking to me as if I were a child. Eighteen is not at all so very young, yet I can not impress him with that fact. Mr. Etheridge must needs aggravate me too in the same way; for he said, when he sketched me on the old stone seat, that he would rather paint me as I should be in a few years' time. When I had locked the door behind the Squire, I told Rachel what he had said—she had stood back for fear of the wind blowing out her candle—and she looked as demure as possible over it.

"If Mr. Keverne said that," she whispered, "he must fear something which we don't understand. Oh, Kate, kind and patient as he is, we can not hope for others to be so forbearing, and papa is more idle and extravagant than ever. I'm sure he is gone away now on purpose to avoid *something*. I can see that his letters have been frightening him a good deal lately."

"Surely, if he had feared any thing *here*," I said, "he would have staid at home to face it."

But Rachel only shook her head at that, and kissed me without a word.

Sept. 1, 1865.—I think it nearly always happens that when an unexpected sorrow falls upon us, it swoops straight down upon some hour of wonderful happiness or peace. Leonard and I were standing together in the porch, waiting for Brownie. A crowd of excited swallows darted from the eaves above us, and wheeled round and round with a soft, rushing music.

"They will be going soon," said Leonard, idly watching them.

"Aren't they happy, Len? Aren't they glad to go? Look; surely the schools must be breaking up, and the elders packing, or the young ones wouldn't be so mad."

Leonard's eyes followed mine. The light leaves of the clematis rested on his bright hair as he leaned opposite me; he looked so happy and so well that I didn't dread his riding away to take papa's place at Trecothic, as I often did dread it. An ugly click of the side gate, and Leonard and I both turned to see who was coming. A few words falling coldly in the sunshine, and then it seemed as if the dear old home were gone beyond my reach. But all I knew distinctly was that Leonard had fainted.

I had just written so far to-night, when I heard the sound of gravel thrown lightly up at my window. Without looking out, I knew who stood below; and unfastening my door, I crept noiselessly down the stairs and out into the garden, stooping among the flowers close up to the house, because the moon was nearly at the full, and shed a tell-tale light upon the grass.

"Are they here—in possession already?" my father asked, in a harassed whisper, when I joined him.

I told him the men (whom a London creditor had sent) were sleeping in the room near which we stood; and so in silence we walked on, still keeping in the shadow.

"Why not come in, papa?"

But he shook his head decisively at that.

"I can not come in, Kate," he said, his tone a little more soft and slow than usual. "Nothing can be saved for us, and I can not bear to see it done."

"Papa, hadn't you better tell Mr. Keverne?"

He moved away from me with quick impatience.

"You don't know what you are speaking of, child," he said. "He has helped me too often. In very shame I could not seek his help again; he said, too, that it never should be given again. No, it must all go this time, and the sooner we get out of the country the better. Even if this fellow could be appeased, there are plenty more creditors to start forward. How's Leonard?"

"Better, papa," I answered.

I could not persuade him to come in, even to rest; but I fetched him some sandwiches and wine, and I watched him take them; for we had left the shadow now, being no longer afraid of being seen by the men. And it all came into my thoughts and my mind and my heart while I watched him, grieving to see his harassed face, and grieving to think of the old home going from him. I did not tell him of my thought. I only made him promise to stay in Penzance until he received a note from home, sent by a trusty messenger. He did promise, and described what papers I was to send to him. Then we kissed each other, and he went away.

Sept. 2, 1865.—Has this been more a sad day or a happy one for me? I can not tell; I don't like even to wonder about it. When papa kissed me at his bedroom door just now, and called me "his own brave-hearted little Kate," I felt that was reward enough; but when Leonard drew my face down upon his pillow, and whispered just those ten quiet little words, I said to myself I would always recall them if I ever felt any thing but grateful in my heart for this day's work; "God bless this act of yours, dear, to us all!"

How earnestly he said them! Oh, surely they went up to Heaven and pleaded for me. From this day, for five full long years to come, I am to be Rose Grey's governess, and live at the Manor with her and her mother and her uncle, and without Leonard and Rachel— No; I will not look among the shadows on the picture.

Early this morning I went to Trecothic, and asked Mrs. Grey and the Squire if they would buy in just the things at home which papa and Leonard and Rachel were fond of, making it possible for them to live on there; and in return take me to be Rose's governess for five years without salary, that I might so repay the debt. At first they would not hear of this arrangement; but when they saw how deeply and sadly I was in earnest, they agreed: at least the Squire did, for the arrangement is to be made between him and myself, as it is he who will help us. Mrs. Grey said that her unwillingness to consent was caused by her wish for it to be. She was afraid of being too ready to accept what I offered only on impulse. If they could know how long and seriously I thought of it last night, they would not talk of impulse.

So once more the Squire has helped my father; but he says it is no loan or gift this time, but just payment for very valuable services, and he means mine. Oh, I hope I may serve them faithfully as well as gratefully! We thought Mr. Keverne would just buy the things papa and Rachel would choose, pay off the most pressing creditors, and let papa keep on the farm. But he did far more, and still seemed as if the debt were not sufficiently repaid. The farm is to be ours on a lease of five years, papa is still to be his agent, and every debt is to be paid.

They all laughed heartily at my whim, but I would not be content without signing a proper witnessed agreement with the Squire about this. I don't think, though, that he laughed himself; and before he gave me the paper which he brought down to-night, he asked me very gravely if I was steadfast in my wish to sign it, and to seriously enter upon this as a solemn and binding engagement.

"Quite steadfast," I answered, frankly meeting his searching eyes.

"Five years is a long time," he said, still keeping back the pen from me. "In those five years, Kate, you will grow from girlhood to womanhood. Do you feel your purpose will not change—as other things will change?"

No, I knew it would not, and I took the paper eagerly. "Now," I said, laughing, as I passed it on to Leonard—"now I am bound—bound for five years."

Once more, and very earnestly, the Squire spoke to me before he left. It was not too late then, he said; should he give me back my bond? He would rather trust me without that, and I need not look upon myself as bound.

No, I would not take it; I would rather feel he held that paper. But I suppose I did not look so glad as I felt, because, when I went back into the lamp-lit room, Leonard looked at me curiously. "Is any thing the matter, dear?"

"Of course something is the matter, Len." When he questioned me so suddenly and anxiously, how could I help but answer him? "I feel my troubles, like Mrs. Gummidge, and they make me contrairy."

II.—PAUL'S SCHEME.

Sept. 11, 1865, *Trecothic Manor.*—This is the first day I have dated from here, though I have been Rose's governess now for a week. My father is steady and industrious now, and surely it will last; surely he will never go back to the old sad ways. I am very happy here; as happy as I could be in any home that was not the dear old farm. Mrs. Grey often asks Rachel to come here, but she will not yet. Leonard says he wishes he could be as wise. I say I am glad he is more foolish. Yet perhaps his coming does make it a little more hard for me, just at first.

March 14, 1869.—Since the day of my father's disappearance, a year ago, I have only written a few words now and then. What days had I to tell of but miserable and humiliating ones? and why live any of them twice over? The shock brought with it a deep, deep shame, that was worse than all. That he *could* again have abused the trust placed in him, after the Squire's long forbearance and unacknowledged generosity! Then to go quietly away himself, beyond the reach of blame or punishment, and leave Rachel and Leonard to bear it all! for *he* could not know that Mr. Keverne would leave us nothing to bear but shame for our father, and would actually give his agency to Leonard. Think of it! to my dear boy, who can do so little! Ah, but the Squire knows that what he does he does with all the strength of his heart; and he not only helps him himself, but has engaged an assistant for him, who is strong and active and clever. And the Squire represents the work always as Leonard's, only Leonard knows who does the chief; and oh, it is good to hear him talk of Mr. Keverne, though he says that, when he tries to thank him, the Squire looks really hurt—just as he used to do, I suppose, when I would try to thank him in that miserable time a year ago. So now I just thank him quietly in my heart. Nearly four of my five years have passed—have passed as happily as I felt sure they would do; brightened by daily, hourly gifts, which those who give them do not even know they give......I almost forgot to record one fact: Mr. Etheridge is in England again—in Cornwall, too. He was in church this morning. I think he is handsomer than ever; quite different he looked from any one else in church to-day. I dare say he will come here to-morrow.

March 27, 1869.—How changed every thing is to me since Paul Etheridge came back! There is a wonderful joy in my heart; a wide, delicious sunshine on my way. He says he came down to Cornwall again not to recall the old scenes, but the old faces; and when he says it he makes me feel exactly what he means. He is going to paint my portrait. I wonder how he can care to do so after spending years among those marvelous pictures he tells me of. I wonder whether I *ought* to idle away so much time as he will require for this. He has a month to spend here, resting from his long, hard studies; then he has an order to execute for a Spanish picture, and that will take him to Spain for a year. He dreads the loneliness, he says; but why should his busy life in Spain be lonelier than his rooms at Kynance? I will not ask him this again, because when I asked before, he told me what—what I think could hardly have been quite true.

April 19, 1869.—My picture is finished, and Leonard is so anxious for it—offers any price within his power, poor Leonard! It is more like

my idea of Rosalind in *As you like it* than my idea of myself. I told Paul he forgot whom he was painting, because we talked so much about Shakspeare and the musical-glasses. How seriously he took my words! It was just as my last sitting ended, and we were criticising the picture. I was telling him that my eyes were never so beautiful as those, when, quite suddenly, he turned my face and met them with his own, telling me he would give Leonard the portrait if I would give him the original.

I can not write what he said nor what I answered, until I reminded him of my engagement with Mrs. Grey. He only laughed at the idea of that being really binding, as—as I guessed he would; but *I* know it is binding. There are only a few months to run now, but I will keep my part of the agreement, as Mr. Keverne has kept his. Could I break my solemn word, even for Paul's pleading? and in all the world what could there be for me harder to resist than that? Will it ever be harder than it was to-day? I can hear now the entreaty in his voice—its passionate, vehement entreaty. I wish he had not asked me to break my promise. I wish he would trust me, and come back for me when I am free to go with him. But he will not hear of that. He says he can not bear that year in Spain without me. I could trust him for years. I wish men were as patient and trustful as women are. Rachel says that, when they are so at all, they are ten times more so than women. Perhaps so. I dare say Mr. Keverne would be, if any one ever tried him. But Paul could not. Oh, what would I not give to be ready to go with him where and when he will, without feeling that I act meanly and deceitfully! Five months yet—one hundred and thirty-six days. I have counted them many times. One hundred and thirty-six days.

April 21, 1869.—I have told Paul—oh, what else could I say in answer to his pleading, loving words?—that if Mr. Keverne and Mrs. Grey will release me, I will go with him to Spain. In the old church on the cliffs at the Lizard he wants us to be married this very month. He is in the library now speaking to Mr. Keverne, and I am waiting for him. Oh, suppose Mr. Keverne says I can not be released unless I voluntarily break my solemn word, and make my written promise a lie! But he can not say it; he is too generous. He *could* not refuse me, now that my last year is drawing to an end......

Paul came up the stairs with such a quick and angry step that I knew what he had to say to me even before I saw him. Mr. Keverne followed him more slowly.

"Mr. Keverne will not release you, Kate," he said, a passion in his eyes which spoke even more contemptuously than the tone. "Mr. Keverne considers you have signed away your independence in this matter. The legality or illegality of such a deed does not disturb his notions of honor."

I looked from Paul to Mr. Keverne, my cheeks burning. His firm and quiet answer to my mute question was a decisive negative; and the cold refusal fell as sorely on my hope as on Paul's scornful vehemence.

Mr. Etheridge had only a few months to wait, the Squire said; surely that could not dismay him. Mr. Etheridge had always known of the engagement between Mrs. Grey and Miss Carew, and it was strange that he could tempt her to break her word. Did he understand that, tempted so, Miss Carew herself wished to cancel it?

I answered Yes, but very timidly, because his words, though they hurt me, did not seem wrong or unkind.

Hotly Paul broke in, Would *he* like to wait a year for the desired consummation of any hope of his? He would scarcely be so cruelly hard on others if he had ever been tried himself.

I saw the Squire's lip shake a little, but he answered as steadily as before,

"There's no cruelty in my decision, Kate, though perhaps you will never understand that: no cruelty, Etheridge. With such an end in view, surely you will have patience and courage for these few months."

Then he left us, and Paul paced the room impatiently. I forget all he urged. He said Mr. Keverne had no right to keep that most illegal bond, especially as I was not of age when I signed it; that it was madness for me to care what he said when he had no authority over me, no claim upon me; that he was a grasping, selfish tyrant; that it was only Paul himself in all the world to whom I ought to listen, and that I *should* do so, if I loved him as he loved me.

And then—because I said this was not so—he took me suddenly in his arms, and whispered what I must do *because* I loved him. But I could not listen; oh, I could not! I hated myself for feeling so glad and proud of what he said; I hated myself for feeling so ready to do his bidding—so strong in my love for him, so weak in other ways. I clasped my hands upon my ears at last, and left him; but his words haunt me still.

April 23, 1869.—I wish no one in the house would notice me. Are they wondering why Paul left so hurriedly yesterday? are they wondering that I do not grieve more? Quite early yesterday he came and bade good-by to us all; and when the Squire, in his kindly, cordial way, begged him to come to Trecothic again if he possibly could through those months of waiting, I felt my face grow white as death. But Paul answered with a few gay words of thanks. How could he? I went with him down the park, and we parted at the gates without one sob or tear. I watched him ride up the narrow lane, where the trees met above his head. I watched his horse step on over the bars of sunlight and the bars of shade. I watched him out upon the heath again, galloping on toward where a bank of soft white clouds hung low on the horizon. Then I came back to the house, and Rose and I had some rare games together. In the evening, when the sun was setting, and before the lamps were lighted in the house, I went into the long shadowy drawing-room. Mr. Keverne, at a distant window, sat idly looking out. He often now sits in that idle, thoughtful way between the lights. Mrs. Grey caught enough of the fading daylight to go on with her knitting. I sat down at the first window, with my back almost turned to her. Minute after minute I waited, gathering ease and indifference into my voice; then, turning a little, I asked her if she would allow me a holiday on the morrow. For the first time in all the years I have been here, she hesitated to grant my request, and my heart began to beat both in fear and rebellion. But just then the Squire, turning from his seat a little to look at us, spoke pleasantly to his sister.

"By all means let us have a holiday to-morrow, dear. I shall be away till late, so you will want the little one's company all to yourself. Let us have a holiday by all means."

After that Mrs. Grey quite willingly gave me the liberty I wanted. I wish the night had not to come first. One's thoughts sometimes—some thoughts—trouble one in solitude and in the dark.

May 21, 1869.—I have not written a word for four whole weeks, because I felt that I could not do so unless I passed over that one day when I begged a holiday for such an unsuspected purpose, and it seemed mean to do that. Now I will write it. I am going presently—very soon—to leave off keeping a diary, but I won't leave off just because I am too cowardly to write that day.

Rose and I spent rather a sad—at any rate a very quiet—morning together. My heart yearned oddly to the child—the little one who has been my close companion for nearly five years. The clinging love seemed most sweet and precious to me; and when I left her at the gate I had to hurry out of sight with the hot, sharp tears rushing up into my eyes. From where I waited on the moor to catch the Helstone omnibus on its way from the Lizard I could just see the black-and-white gables of the farm; so I shut my eyes while I listened for the wheels, for I dared not think of Leonard. He and Rachel would be at dinner now. I knew exactly where they would be sitting in the pleasant room, and how the scent of my violets would come through the windows and cling about them. Perhaps they were talking of me, or— No, I dared not think of that. How many years was it since Leonard and I had driven to Kynance on one summer evening, and seen Paul sketching? Oh, what a long, long time!

Almost before I was aware, the four fleet horses drew up beside me as I sat upon the heather, and I took my place in the omnibus. In a few minutes the road across the heath had turned, and I could not have seen the old farm gables if I had tried. At Helstone I took another omnibus on to Camborne station, and there I got quietly into an empty carriage, and knew that when I stopped next Paul would meet me. Yet I turned my face on the arm of my seat, and tried not to think. I could not even look out on the familiar way, because it reminded me of those old journeys Leonard and I used to take once in every holiday; traveling grandly up to Truro together, with a very small box of clothes and a very large hamper of presents from the farm, to visit the old friend to whose house I was going now; from whose house I was to walk quietly away next morning, to meet Paul at the church where we were to be married.

At Truro station I looked out with one great searching glance which took in all the platform. In a moment Paul was beside me, glad and smiling.

"All right!" he whispered. "Done well, and cleverly, my dearest. We have nothing to fear now. No luggage to look after? What a blessing! Your friend has ordered all she thinks you will need, for we can not venture to write for your boxes from Trecothic until to-morrow is over, and we are safely away. Come, love."

Side by side we walked from the station; and there, just outside, a dog-cart waited, with a pair of horses. I felt the start Paul gave. I felt my own breath quicken when I saw it.

"Kate," Mr. Keverne said, meeting us close beside it, and looking down gravely into my startled face, "I am going back to Trecothic, and you had better come with me. You will be too late to catch the return omnibus to-night."

Oh, how my paltry courage staggered before him! The few defiant words I uttered were a great, great effort, and I know my eyes were wide and miserable when I raised them to his face.

"Will you come, Kate?"

But I could answer him then in sudden fearless passion. I was not his servant. I would never return with him.

"I think, Mr. Etheridge," said the Squire, calmly, "that it would be wiser for you to go alone, and wait through these few months. You know that Kate will not change while you are true; therefore what do you fear?"

Then Paul spoke, hotly and scornfully. I think even if we had not been alone, he could scarcely have stayed his wrathful words. I could hardly distinguish the Squire's, they were so low, but I heard one sentence:

"Not unless you are afraid that the stories which have reached me of your life abroad may reach her too when you are gone. If *I* had cared to tell her, I should have told before this night. You know why I take her back, and you know that the length of this separation depends upon yourself."

Oh, Paul, if I could but have comforted you then, when you looked so white and angry, and when your lips shook and could not frame the words they would have uttered!

"Will you come, Kate?" the Squire asked again, looking quickly away from him. But I only stood close to Paul, whispering that I would not leave him. Gradually he grew quiet and cold.

"You had better go, perhaps," he said to me, almost chillily. "Mr. Keverne seems to think we are both wholly and entirely in his power."

"Mr. Etheridge," said the Squire—and though his words were a very whisper, and I in my unutterable grief had turned my head away, yet I heard each one distinctly—"you know that is unjust; but let it go. Through the five months that you will wait, no word of blame of you shall pass my lips to her—no single word."

Paul laughed, a laugh which sounded moody and incredulous, and his whole face was different from what it had been when he met me only a few minutes before.

"Good-by, Kate," he said, no longer fearless in his wrath, no longer meeting scornfully the Squire's sad, grave eyes; "good-by, Kate." Ah, but the pain of parting blanched his lips as the words passed them; and I could not bear it, but crept closer, whispering, in untold love and sorrow, that I would be true to him always, whether we parted or not.

"The parting is kindly arranged for us," Paul said, laughing ironically, but still not looking beyond me, "of course for *our* sakes. Mr. Keverne uses his power most generously, Kate, and we will obey him as slavishly as he expects to be obeyed. He orders you to go back with him, and you shall go. He orders me to wait his pleasure, and I will wait."

"Only for a little time, Paul," I whispered, my voice shaking in my great grief; but I did not mind, because Mr. Keverne had gone out of hearing, and left us two alone now; "and I will be so true."

"No, only for a little time, my love. Good-by."

I drew away from Mr. Keverne's touch when he attempted to help me up to the seat beside his in the dog-cart, and shrank as far from him as I could through the drive, which lasted such a long, long time. I looked with aching eyes across the barren country, and counted the chimneys of the mines, which stood so bleak and desolate against the sky; and my thoughts went fast and far with Paul. I hated the drive, yet I was sorry when we reached the inn half-way, where the Squire called for his own rested horses, and left the hired ones he had been driving, and where he—just in his old firm, quiet way—made me take the wine he brought me, and which I determined not to touch. The twilight gathered, deepened, and was hushed and silenced into night, before we felt our own beautiful scenery was around us again, and the dismal, silent mines left behind. I could just dimly see the quiet figure sitting high beside me. I wished he would speak to me; would give me an opportunity of uttering a little of the anger and the pride which fought with the great sorrow at my heart. But he only drove me on silently and safely through the night. Over the moor at last; daintily the beautiful horses stepped on the short elastic turf. Was it really only this afternoon that I had sat here waiting? Oh, thank God for the darkness that lay upon the dear old home! Mr. Keverne bent his head a little against the bleak night wind, tilting his hat lower over his eyes—the gentle, fearless eyes. I was glad I could not read them when the horses drew up on the sweep at Trecothic, and Mrs. Grey came to the hall door to meet her brother. With an easy little apology, he told her he had been detained, and so had detained me too; he had thought I might just as well drive home with him as walk. This he said aloud for his servants to hear; and then in a moment I understood, what I had not thought of before, his reason for driving without a groom.

I told Mrs. Grey the whole truth that night, of course. She spoke gently to me, though my own words were impatient and resentful. And then that strange and dreary day was over. I was back in my old place once more, and Paul was far away. That is, as I said, four weeks ago. I won't write any thing more of it. I have heard from Paul. He is not going to work very hard on his Spanish picture, he says, because he has a whole year before him. He writes quite cheerfully, but says very hard things of Mr. Keverne.

III.—IS IT FREEDOM?

June 8, 1869.—How hot it is! Leonard talks of beginning the Squire's harvest at once. It is fun to hear Rose demurely discussing with Leonard the management of her uncle's farm, and Leonard's own too; in which I think she takes even a greater interest. We spent this afternoon there—she and I; and it was so pleasant—only that Rachel had heard some false story of Paul, just as untrue and improbable as those ridiculous tales people have whispered about his life in Italy, where he was all the time working so hard. How wicked and unjust it is! How can Rachel listen—above all, how can she repeat them to me? Yet she does it so anxiously and so tenderly that I can never blame her; can only contradict them with all my heart and strength. I wish Paul knew, and would hush them forever by a word of his own. He seems to be quite busy now at his picture. I don't mind the shortness of his letters. I think of him working and remembering me; the beautiful picture growing under his hand. I do not fret because he has only time to say so little to me. His words are so precious, that they satisfy me always, however few they are. There's Rose below the window calling me. "Coming, darling!" Not three months now, and the winning voice will never rouse me from my thoughts, and woo me to fresh pleasures. What a wrench the parting will be! Mrs. Grey keeps very anxiously asking me to stay with them until they leave at Christmas, but I never will; the parting would be even harder then; besides, I could not for many other reasons. Oh, after Mr. Keverne's cruelty to me on that one day, I *never* could consent to stay longer than the time I am bound to stay. I always say that to myself, and I always, always mean it.

We have heard from papa. He says he is getting a rich man—think of it! And he wants us to go out to Australia to him some day; but I hope he will come home instead. Rachel can not bear the thought of going, and Leonard's love for the old dear home deepens year by year. And mine? I don't know. I think it is a bad thing for me to have lived here so long, in the luxury of love and wealth and kindness; but I would go out to my father to-morrow if he said he wished it. *I*, who have committed his fault, and betrayed the trust of my employer.

June 21, 1869.—Such a strange letter from Paul! What does he mean? Does he forget that I shall be free so soon? Does he forget how I whispered to him, when we parted, that I would be true? I wish it had not come; I wish it had got lost in the post.

July 18, 1869.—It is all over, and I can only feel as if the world were full of false and shallow hearts. The paper came to Mr. Keverne, but it was his sister who gave it to me, then left me, that I might be alone when I found the paragraph. *Married!* Married to a Spanish heiress! Paul, my own first love, to whom I would have been true for all my life! Is the world really full of hollow, faithless hearts? These thoughts may seem wicked to me some day; but oh, they come so readily, so naturally now. Who can I ever again believe in? If I had been determined on that one day in Truro— No, my pride will not let me finish that thought.

Sept. 2, 1869.—My last night at Trecothic. Dark and clear the fir-trees stand against the cold sunset sky; just above them shines the young crescent moon; and one star comes shyly out alone to peep. Quite plainly I can hear what our fishermen speak of as "the calling of the sea." How sad it is! almost like the echo of some cry in my own heart. Rose is in bed at last. She has been softly crying here within my arms for hours. How cheerless and empty the room feels, and yet I stay here by my own wish. Mrs. Grey came herself to fetch me into the drawing-room, but I can not go. She saw I wanted to be alone, and so she left me, only begging me to join them presently. I did want to be alone, but I did not fancy I should feel so solitary as I do. I can not bear to go into my own room; the very sight of my packed boxes is as bad as a good-by. I wish Mrs. Grey would just once more ask me to stay here until she leaves, as she has so often asked me before. But of course she never will again, because I've always refused so decisively and unhesitatingly.

I haven't seen Mr. Keverne to-day. He went out shooting very early this morning, and had not returned when we dined. I remember that he had been shooting when he came to the farm on this night five years ago. How strange it is to think of my home life before that day—so sweet and unruffled! Will it seem as sweet and unruffled to me when I go back to it? It is too late now for me to hope for Mrs. Grey to come in and ask me to stay—far too late. I wish I couldn't see the bracken bending and swaying on the heath, and I wish the world didn't look so chill and lonely off there where the upland meets the gray evening sky. The solitude here is unbearable. I must go down, even if I can not stay. It will be a minute's change, a minute's rest from these dismal thoughts. I have not courage to go to Rose again; it would only bring another parting......

I opened the drawing-room door very softly. The room was brilliantly lighted, and my eyes—so tired to-night—were dazzled by the sudden glare. I knew that my face looked so small and white and pinched that it might well startle any one who saw me coming in silently so; and Mrs. Grey, who had looked up from her book with a bright smile of greeting, suddenly rose.

"Dear," she said—and for the first time she put her kind arms round me, and kissed my lips—"I have been waiting for you. I would not have the tea brought in until you came. I will ring now; but I want you would go and ask Mervyn to come—will you? I think he must be in the library, though I have not heard him ring for lights. I fancy he is tired, or he would have joined me after dinner."

"Please let—" I began; but she did not seem to hear me.

"Would you mind fetching him? I shall be so glad, Kate, because I want to give my order. I intend to have a pleasant substantial tea—a cheerful one too, as we none of us cared for dinner. If Mervyn is not in the library, he may be out smoking." So she talked on, cheerfully and kindly, till I went.

No one answered my quiet tap upon the library door, so I passed in. The room was almost dark, but I could see Mr. Keverne standing at one of the low windows; standing quite still, and looking out among the dusky shadows of the September twilight—looking as I had often lately seen him look. The carpet was so thick, and the wind rising so noisily, that I was close beside him before he heard me. Then, in his surprise, a sudden shiver ran through him, and the hand he laid on mine shook like the leaves outside.

"Kate, why did you come in so—like part of a broken dream?"

I could not help it; I laid my other hand on his. Mine was muc. the smaller, much the weaker, yet it stilled at once the trembling fingers it touched.

"What are you come to tell me, Kate?"

"Mrs. Grey is waiting tea for you and me. She sent me to fetch you."

"She sent you to fetch me—*that* is why you came?"

"Yes; that is why I came. I think Mrs. Grey kindly wishes us to have a pleasant tea to-